THE

P[illegible]ETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND WALLER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

FROM MR. FENTON'S QUARTO EDIT. 1729.

WITH

[illegible] *[illegible]FE OF THE AUTHOR.*

When [illegible] [illegible]indling with celeſtial rage,
View'd the [illegible] [illegible]arley of that wond'ring age,
His pleaſing pain he taught the lute to breathe;
The Graces ſung, and wove his myrtle wreath----
His Muſe, by Nature form'd to pleaſe the fair,
Or ſing of heroes with majeſtic air,
To melting ſtrains attun'd her voice, and ſtrove
To waken all the tender powers of love----
The florid and ſublime, the grave and gay,
From WALLER's beams imbibe a purer ray.---
M[illegible]ker and model of melodious verſe!
Accept theſe votive honours at thy herſe. FENTON.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1777.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDMUND WALLER.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES,
SONGS,
EPIGRAMS,
EPITAPHS,
FRAGMENTS,
DIVINE POEMS,

&c. &c. &c.

Tho' poets may of inspiration boast,
Their rage, ill-govern'd, in the clouds is lost.
He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,
At once his fancy and his judgment shows.
Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence,
Neglect of which no wit can recompense.---
Well-founding verses are the charm we use,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse.
Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold,
But they move more in lofty numbers told :---
For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muses taught.

POEM TO LORD ROSCOMMON.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1777.

EPISTLES.

I.

TO THE KING,

ON HIS NAVY.

WHERE'ER thy Navy ſpreads her canvaſs wings,
Homage to thee, and peace to all ſhe brings:
The French and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,
Forget their hatred, and conſent to fear.
So Jove from Ida did both hoſts ſurvey,
And when he pleas'd to thunder part the fray.
Ships heretofore in ſeas like fiſhes ſped,
The mightieſt ſtill upon the ſmalleſt fed:
Thou on the deep impoſeſt nobler laws,
And by that juſtice haſt remov'd the cauſe
Of thoſe rude tempeſts, which for rapine ſent,
Too oft', alas! involv'd the innocent.
Now ſhall the Ocean, as thy Thames, be free
From both thoſe fates of ſtorms and piracy.
But we moſt happy, who can fear no force
But winged troops, or Pegaſean horſe.
'Tis not ſo hard for greedy foes to ſpoil
Another nation as to touch our ſoil.
Should Nature's ſelf invade the world again,
And o'er the centre ſpread the liquid main,

Thy pow'r were ſafe, and her deſtructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command;
Thy dreadful fleet would ſtyle thee Lord of All,
And ride in triumph o'er the drowned ball;
Thoſe tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
And viſit mountains where they once did grow.
The world's Reſtorer once could not endure
That finiſh'd Babel ſhould thoſe men ſecure
Whoſe pride deſign'd that fabric to have ſtood
Above the reach of any ſecond flood;
To thee, his choſen, more indulgent, he
Dare's truſt ſuch pow'r with ſo much piety.

II.

TO THE QUEEN,

occaſioned upon ſight of

HER MAJESTY'S PICTURE.

WELL fare the hand which to our humble ſight
Preſents that beauty which the dazzling light
Of royal ſplendour hides from weaker eyes,
And all acceſs, ſave by this art, denies.
Here only we have courage to behold
This beam of glory, here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive:
The gracious image, ſeeming to give leave,
Propitious ſtands, vouchſafing to be ſeen,
And by our Muſe ſaluted Mighty Queen,

In whom th' extremes of pow'r and beauty move,
The Queen of Britain, and the Queen of Love!
As the bright ſun (to which we owe no ſight
Of equal glory to your beauty's light)
Is wiſely plac'd in ſo ſublime a ſeat,
To' extend his light and moderate his heat;
So, happy 'tis you move in ſuch a ſphere,
As your high Majeſty with awful fear
In human breaſts might qualify that fire,
Which kindled by thoſe eyes had flamed high'r
Than when the ſcorched world like hazard run
By the approach of the ill-guided ſun.
No other nymphs have title to men's hearts,
But as their meanneſs larger hope imparts:
Your beauty more the fondeſt lover moves
With admiration than his private loves;
With admiration! for a pitch ſo high
(Save ſacred Charles his) never love durſt fly.
Heav'n that preferr'd a ſceptre to your hand,
Favour'd our freedom more than your command:
Beauty had crown'd you, and you muſt have been
The whole world's miſtreſs, other than a Queen.
All had been rivals, and you might have ſpar'd,
Or kill'd and tyranniz'd, without a guard.
No pow'r achiev'd, either by arms or birth,
Equals Love's empire both in heav'n and earth.
Such eyes as your's on Jove himſelf have thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own:

Witneſs our Jove, prevented by their flame
In his ſwift paſſage to th' Heſperian dame:
When, like a lion, finding in his way
To ſome intended ſpoil a fairer prey,
The royal youth purſuing the report
Of beauty, found it in the Gallic court:
There public care with private paſſion, fought
A doubtful combat in his noble thought:
Should he confeſs his greatneſs and his love,
And the free faith of your great brother * prove;
With his Achates † breaking thro' the cloud
Of that diſguiſe which did their graces ſhroud;
And mixing with thoſe gallants at the ball,
Dance with the ladies, and outſhine them all;
Or on his journey o'er the mountains ride?—
So when the fair Leucothoe he eſpy'd,
To check his ſteeds impatient Phœbus earn'd,
Tho' all the world was in his courſe concern'd.
What may hereafter her meridian do,
Whoſe dawning beauty warm'd his boſom ſo?
Not ſo divine a flame, ſince deathleſs gods
Forbore to viſit the defil'd abodes
Of men, in any mortal breaſt did burn;
Nor ſhall, till Piety and they return.

* Lewis XIII. K. of France. † D. of Buckingham.

III.

TO THE
QUEEN-MOTHER OF FRANCE,
UPON HER LANDING.

GREAT Queen of Europe! where thy offspring wears
All the chief crowns; where princes are thy heirs;
As welcome thou to ſea-girt Britain's ſhore,
As erſt Latona (who fair Cynthia bore)
To Delos was: here ſhines a nymph as bright,
By thee diſclos'd, with like increaſe of light.
Why was her joy in Belgia confin'd?
Or why did you ſo much regard the wind?
Scarce could the ocean (tho' enrag'd) have toſt
Thy ſov'reign bark, but where th' obſequious coaſt
Pays tribute to thy bed. Rome's conqu'ring hand
More vanquiſh'd nations under her command
Never reduc'd. Glad Berecynthia ſo
Among her deathleſs progeny did go;
A wreath of tow'rs adorn'd her rev'rend head,
Mother of all that on ambroſia fed.
Thy god-like race muſt ſway the age to come,
As ſhe Olympus peopled with her womb.
Would thoſe commanders of mankind obey
Their honour'd parent, all pretences lay
Down at your royal feet, compoſe their jars,
And on the growing Turk diſcharge theſe wars,

The Chriſtian knights that ſacred tomb ſhould wreſt
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the Eaſt:
Our England's Prince, and Gallia's Dolphin, might
Like young Rinaldo and Tancredi fight:
In ſingle combat by their ſwords again
The proud Argantes and fierce Soldan ſlain:
Again might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your Tuſcan Muſe * exalt the fight.

IV.

THE COUNTRY,

TO MY LADY OF CARLISLE.

MADAM, of all the ſacred Muſe inſpir'd,
Orpheus alone could with the woods comply;
Their rude inhabitants his ſong admir'd,
And Nature's ſelf, in thoſe that could not lie:
Your beauty next our ſolitude invades,
And warms us, ſhining thro' the thickeſt ſhades.

Nor ought the tribute which the wond'ring court
Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to ſcorn
The anſwer and conſent to that report
Which, echo-like, the country does return:
Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our ſprings
Preſent th' impartial images of things.

A rural judge † diſpos'd of beauty's prize;
A ſimple ſhepherd † was preferr'd to Jove;

* Taſſo. † Paris.

Down to the mountains from the partial ſkies,
Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,
To plead for that which was ſo juſtly giv'n
To the bright Carliſle of the court of heav'n.

Carliſle! a name which all our woods are taught
Loud as their Amaryllis to reſound:
Carliſle! a name which on the bark is wrought
Of every tree that's worthy of the wound.
From Phœbus' rage our ſhadows and our ſtreams
May guard us better than from Carliſle's beams.

V.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS! 'twas love that injur'd you,
And on that rock your Thyrſis threw,
Who for proud Cælia could have dy'd,
While you no leſs accus'd his pride.
Fond Love his darts at random throws,
And nothing ſprings from what he ſows:
From foes diſcharg'd as often meet
The ſhining points of arrows fleet,
In the wide air creating fire,
As ſouls that join in one deſire.
Love made the lovely Venus burn
In vain, and for the cold youth * mourn,

* Adonis.

Who the purſuit of churliſh beaſts
Preferr'd to ſleeping on her breaſts.
Love makes ſo many hearts the prize
Of the bright Carliſle's conqu'ring eyes,
Which ſhe regards no more than they
The tears of leſſer beauties weigh.
So have I ſeen the loſt clouds pour
Into the ſea an uſeleſs ſhow'r,
And the vex'd ſailors curſe the rain,
For which poor ſhepherds pray'd in vain.
Then, Phyllis, ſince our paſſions are
Govern'd by chance, and not the care,
But ſport of Heav'n, which takes delight
To look upon this Parthian fight
Of Love, ſtill flying, or in chaſe,
Never encount'ring face to face,
No more to Love we'll ſacrifice,
But to the beſt of deities;
And let our hearts, which Love disjoin'd,
By his kind mother be combin'd.

VI.

TO MY
LORD OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
UPON THE DEATH OF HIS LADY.

To this great loſs a ſea of tears is due,
But the whole debt not to be paid by you:

Charge not yourfelf with all, nor render vain
Thofe fhow'rs the eyes of us your fervants rain.
Shall grief contract the largenefs of that heart
In which nor fear nor anger has a part?
Virtue would blufh if time fhould boaft (which dries
Her fole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)
Your mind's relief, where reafon triumphs fo
Over all paffions, that they ne'er could grow
Beyond their limits in your noble breaft,
To harm another, or impeach your reft.
This we obferv'd, delighting to obey
One who did never from his great felf ftray;
Whofe mild example feemed to engage
Th' obfequious feas, and teach them not to rage.
The brave Æmilius, his great charge laid down,
(The force of Rome, and fate of Macedon)
In his loft fons did feel the cruel ftroke
Of changing fortune, and thus highly fpoke
Before Rome's people; "We did oft' implore,
"That if the Heav'ns had any bad in ftore
"For your Æmilius, they would pour that ill
"On his own houfe, and let you flourifh ftill."
You on the barren feas, my Lord, have fpent
Whole fprings, and fummers to the public lent;
Sufpended all the pleafures of your life,
And fhorten'd the fhort joy of fuch a wife;
For which your country's more obliged than
For many lives of old lefs happy men.

You that have ſacrific'd ſo great a part
Of youth, and private bliſs, ought to impart
Your ſorrow too, and give your friends a right
As well in your affliction as delight.
Then with Æmilian courage bear this croſs,
Since public perſons only public loſs
Ought to affect. And tho' her form and youth,
Her application to your will and truth,
That noble ſweetneſs, and that humble ſtate,
(All ſnatch'd away by ſuch a haſty fate!)
Might give excuſe to any common breaſt,
With the huge weight of ſo juſt grief oppreſt;
Yet let no portion of your life be ſtain'd
With paſſion, but your character maintain'd
To the laſt act. It is enough her ſtone
May honour'd be with ſuperſcription
Of the ſole lady who had pow'r to move
The great Northumberland to grieve and love.

VII.

TO MY LORD ADMIRAL,

OF HIS LATE SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

With joy like ours the Thracian youth invades
Orpheus, returning from th' Elyſian ſhades;
Embrace the hero, and his ſtay implore;
Make it their public ſuit he would no more

Desert them so, and for his spouse's sake,
His vanish'd love, tempt the Lethean lake.
The ladies, too, the brightest of that time,
(Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Who shall the fair Eurydice succeed:
Eurydice! for whom his num'rous moan
Makes list'ning trees and savage mountains groan:
Thro' all the air his sounding strings dilate
Sorrow like that which touch'd our hearts of late.
Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
At once the land affecting and the main,
When the glad news that you were Admiral
Scarce thro' the nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great Charles, whose wisdom shines in you,
Would be perplexed how to chuse a new.
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That at the worst it gave our souls relief,
That in our age such sense of virtue liv'd,
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.
Nature (her fairest lights eclipsed) seems
Herself to suffer in those sharp extremes;
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from those cheeks which all the world admires.
The stem thus threaten'd, and the sap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble tree!
Their beauty they, and we our love suspend;
Nought can our wishes save thy health intend.

As lilies overcharg'd with rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heav'n contend;
Fold thee within their fnowy arms, and cry
He is too faultlefs and too young to die.
So like immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching Death away.
Who would not languifh, by fo fair a train
To be lamented and reftor'd again?
Or, thus with-held, what hafty foul would go,
Tho' to the bleft? O'er young Adonis fo
Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious fhow'r
Of her warm tears cherifh'd the fpringing flow'r.
The next fupport, fair hope of your great name,
And fecond pillar of that noble frame,
By lofs of thee would no advantage have,
But ftep by ftep purfue thee to the grave.
And now relentlefs Fate, about to end
The line which backward does fo far extend
That antique ftock, which ftill the world fupplies
With barveft fpirits and with brighteft eyes,
Kind Phœbus, interpofing, bid me fay,
Such ftorms no more fhall fhake that houfe; but they,
Like Neptune, and his fea-born niece *, fhall be
The fhining glories of the land and fea;
With courage guard, and beauty warm, our age,
And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

* Venus.

VIII.

TO VAN DYCK.

RARE Artiſan! whoſe pencil moves
Not our delights alone, but loves;
From thy ſhop of Beauty we
Slaves return'd that enter'd free.
The heedleſs lover does not know
Whoſe eyes they are that wound him ſo;
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.
Another, who did long refrain,
Feels his old wound bleed freſh again
With dear remembrance of that face,
Where now he reads new hope of grace!
Nor ſcorn nor cruelty does find,
But gladly ſuffers a falſe wind
To blow the aſhes of deſpair
From the reviving brand of care.
Fool! that forgets her ſtubborn look
This ſoftneſs from thy finger took.
Strange! that thy hand ſhould not inſpire
The beauty only, but the fire:
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act and power of a face.
May'ſt thou yet thyſelf as well,
As all the world beſides, excel!

So you the unfeign'd truth rehearse,
(That I may make it live in verse)
Why thou couldst not at one assay,
That face to after-times convey,
Which this admires. Was it thy wit
To make her oft' before thee sit?
Confess, and we'll forgive thee this;
For who would not repeat that bliss?
And frequent sight of such a dame
Buy with the hazard of his fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,
Tho' thy good hand had failed still,
When Nature's self so often errs?
She for this many thousand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the race of women fair;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before to grace the earth,
Which waxed old ere it could see
Her that amaz'd thy art and thee.
  But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where those immortal colours grow
That could this deathless piece compose!
In lilies? or the fading rose?
No; for this theft thou hast climb'd high'r
Than did Prometheus for his fire.

IX.

TO MY LORD OF LEICESTER.

Not that thy trees at Penſhurſt groan,
Oppreſſed with their timely load,
And ſeem to make their ſilent moan,
That their great Lord is now abroad:
They to delight his taſte or eye
Would ſpend themſelves in fruit, and die.

Not that thy harmleſs deer repine,
And think themſelves unjuſtly ſlain
By any other hand than thine,
Whoſe arrows they would gladly ſtain;
No, nor thy friends, which hold too dear
That peace with France which keeps thee there.

All theſe are leſs than that great cauſe
Which now exacts your preſence here,
Wherein there meet the divers laws
Of public and domeſtic care.
For one bright nymph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright ſhield of Thetis' ſon *,
(For which ſuch ſtern debate did riſe,

* Achilles.

That the great Ajax Telamon
Refus'd to live without the prize)
Thoſe Achive peers did more engage,
Than ſhe the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty which begun
To warm us ſo when thou wert here,
Now ſcorches like the raging ſun,
When Sirius does firſt appear.
O fix this flame! and let deſpair
Redeem the reſt from endleſs care.

X.

TO MRS. BRAUGHTON,

SERVANT TO SACHARISSA.

Fair Fellow-ſervant! may your gentle ear
Prove more propitious to my ſlighted care
Than the bright dame's we ſerve: for her relief
(Vex'd with the long expreſſions of my grief)
Receive theſe plaints; nor will her high diſdain
Forbid my humble Muſe to court her train.
So, in thoſe nations which the ſun adore,
Some modeſt Perſian, or ſome weak-ey'd Moor,
No higher dares advance his dazzled ſight,
Than to ſome gilded cloud, which near the light
Of their aſcending god adorns the Eaſt,
And, graced with his beams, outſhines the reſt.

Thy ſkilful hand contributes to our woe,
And whets thoſe arrows which confound us ſo.
A thouſand Cupids in thoſe curls do ſit
(Thoſe curious nets!) thy ſlender fingers knit.
The Graces put not more exactly on
Th' attire of Venus when the Ball ſhe won,
Than Sachariſſa by thy care is dreſt,
When all our youth prefers her to the reſt.
You the ſoft ſeaſon know when beſt her mind
May be to pity or to love inclin'd:
In ſome well-choſen hour ſupply his fear,
Whoſe hopeleſs love durſt never tempt the ear
Of that ſtern goddeſs. You, her prieſt, declare
What off'rings may propitiate the fair:
Rich orient pearl, bright ſtones that ne'er decay,
Or poliſh'd lines, which longer laſt than they:
For if I thought ſhe took delight in thoſe,
To where the cheerful Morn does firſt diſcloſe,
(The ſhady Night removing with her beams)
Wing'd with bold love I'd fly to fetch ſuch gems.
But ſince her eyes, her teeth, her lip, excels
All that is found in mines or fiſhes' ſhells,
Her nobler part as far exceeding theſe,
None but immortal gifts her mind ſhould pleaſe.
The ſhining jewels Greece and Troy beſtow'd
On Sparta's Queen *, her lovely neck did load,
And ſnowy wriſts; but when the town was burn'd,
Thoſe fading glories were to aſhes turn'd:

* Helen.

Her beauty, too, had periſh'd, and her fame,
Had not the Muſe redeem'd them from the flame.

XI.

TO MY YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY.

WHY came I ſo untimely forth
Into a world which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth
Or ſhadow of felicity?
That time ſhould me ſo far remove
From that which I was born to love!

Yet, faireſt Bloſſom! do not ſlight
That age which you may know ſo ſoon:
The roſy Morn reſigns her light
And milder glory to the Noon:
And then what wonders ſhall you do,
Whoſe dawning beauty warms us ſo?

Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime;
And ſummer, tho' it be leſs gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a time
Of declination or decay:
For with a full hand that does bring
All that was promis'd by the ſpring.

XII.

TO AMORET.

Fair! that you may truly know
What you unto Thyrſis owe,
I will tell you how I do
Sachariſſa love and you.
Joy ſalutes me when I ſet
My bleſt eyes on Amoret;
But with wonder I am ſtrook,
While I on the other look.
If ſweet Amoret complains,
I have ſenſe of all her pains;
But for Sachariſſa I
Do not only grieve, but die.
All that of myſelf is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine:
Sachariſſa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,
And thoſe ſcorching beams to ſhun,
To thy gentle ſhadow run.
If the ſoul had free election
To diſpoſe of her affection,
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sachariſſa's ſcorn:
But 'tis ſure ſome pow'r above,
Which controls our wills in love!

If not a love, a ſtrong deſire
To create and ſpread that fire
In my breaſt, ſolicits me,
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.
'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If leſs ſplendour wait on thine,
Yet they ſo benignly ſhine,
I would turn my dazzled ſight
To behold their milder light:
But as hard 'tis to deſtroy
That high flame, as to enjoy;
Which how eas'ly I may do,
Heav'n (as eas'ly ſcal'd) does know!
Amoret! as ſweet and good
As the moſt delicious food,
Which but taſted does impart
Life and gladneſs to the heart.
Sachariſſa's beauty 's wine,
Which to madneſs doth incline;
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can ſuſtain.
Scarce can I to Heav'n excuſe
The devotion which I uſe
Unto that adored dame;
For 'tis not unlike the ſame
Which I thither ought to ſend;
So that if it could take end,

It would to Heav'n itſelf be due,
To ſucceed her and not you;
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry;
Which, tho' not ſo fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the ſame.
Then ſmile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is ſhorter-liv'd than love.

XIII.

TO AMORET.

Amoret! the Milky Way
Fram'd of many nameleſs ſtars!
The ſmooth ſtream where none can ſay
He this drop to that prefers!

Amoret! my lovely Foe!
Tell me where thy ſtrength does lie?
Where the pow'r that charms us ſo;
In thy ſoul, or in thy eye?

By that ſnowy neck alone,
Or thy grace in motion ſeen,
No ſuch wonders could be done;
Yet thy waiſt is ſtraight and clean
As Cupid's ſhaft, or Hermes' rod,
And pow'rful, too, as either god.

XIV.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS! why ſhould we delay
Pleaſures ſhorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their ſpan,
Beauty like a ſhadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or would youth and beauty ſtay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath ſwifter wings than Time.
Change in love to Heav'n does climb.
Gods, that never change their ſtate,
Vary oft' their love and hate.
Phyllis! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two.
Let not you and I inquire
What has been our paſt deſire;
On what ſhepherds you have ſmil'd,
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd:
Leave it to the planets too,
What we ſhall hereafter do;
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of preſent love.

XV.

TO MY LORD OF FALKLAND.

BRAVE Holland leads, and with him Falkland goes:
Who hears this told, and does not straight suppose
We send the Graces and the Muses forth,
To civilize and to instruct the North?
Not that these ornaments make swords less sharp;
Apollo bears as well his bow as harp:
And tho' he be the patron of that spring,
Where, in calm peace, the sacred virgins sing,
He courage had to guard th' invaded throne
Of Jove, and cast the ambitious giants down.
Ah, noble Friend! with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great soul thou art, (longing to twist
Bays with that ivy which so early kiss'd
Thy youthful temples) with what horror we
Think on the blind events of war and thee?
To fate exposing that all-knowing breast
Among the throng, as cheaply as the rest;
Where oaks and brambles (if the copse be burn'd)
Confounded lie, to the same ashes turn'd.
Some happy wind over the ocean blow
This tempest yet, which frights our island so!
Guarded with ships, and all the sea our own,
From Heav'n this mischief on our heads is thrown.

In a late dream the Genius of this land,
Amaz'd, I ſaw, like the fair Hebrew *, ſtand,
When firſt ſhe felt the twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the ſeat of Civil war.
Inclin'd to whoſe relief, and with preſage
Of better fortune for the preſent age,
Heav'n ſends, quoth I, this diſcord for our good,
To warm, perhaps, but not to waſte our blood;
To raiſe our drooping ſpirits, grown the ſcorn
Of our proud neighbours, who ere long ſhall mourn
(Tho' now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occaſion to reſume our arms.
A lion ſo with ſelf-provoking ſmart,
(His rebel tail ſcourging his nobler part)
Calls up his courage, then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

XVI.

TO A LADY,

SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

Chloris! yourſelf you ſo excel,
When you vouchſafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a ſpirit, with this ſpell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the ſhaft that made him die,

* Rebekah.

Efpy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to foar fo high.

Had Echo, with fo fweet a grace,
Narciffus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

XVII.

TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

Here, Cælia! for thy fake I part
With all that grew fo near my heart;
The paffion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the conftancy!
And, that I may fuccefsful prove,
Transform myfelf to what you love.
Fool that I was! fo much to prize
Thofe fimple virtues you defpife:
Fool! that with fuch dull arrows ftrove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove:
For you, that are in motion ftill,
Decline our force, and mock our fkill;
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Againft a windmill our vain lance.
Now will I wander thro' the air,
Mount, make a ftoop at ev'ry fair;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawlefs as the fea or wind)

Purſue you whereſoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.
The formal ſtars do travel ſo,
As we their names and courſes know;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books;
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art: the motion us'd
By thoſe free vapours are ſo light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd ſight
Deſpairs to find the rules that guide
Thoſe gilded ſhadows as they ſlide;
And therefore of the ſpacious air
Jove's royal conſort had the care;
And by that pow'r did once eſcape,
Declining bold Ixion's rape:
She, with her own reſemblance, grac'd
A ſhining cloud, which he embrac'd.
Such was that image, ſo it ſmil'd
With ſeeming kindneſs, which beguil'd
Your Thyrſis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Cælia caught.
'Twas ſhap'd like her, but for the fair,
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.
A fate for which he grieves the leſs,
Becauſe the gods had like ſucceſs:
For in their ſtory one, we ſee,
Purſues a nymph, and takes a tree;

A fecond, with a lover's hafte,
Soon overtakes whom he had chas'd;
But fhe that did a virgin feem,
Poffefs'd, appears a wand'ring ftream.
For his fuppofed love, a third
Lays greedy hold upon a bird,
And ftands amaz'd to find his dear
A wild inhabitant of th' air.
To thefe old tales fuch nymphs as you
Give credit, and ftill make them new;
The am'rous now like wonders find
In the fwift changes of your mind.
But, Cælia, if you apprehend
The Mufe of your incenfed friend,
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the fame;
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he fwears he'll not complain:
For ftill to be deluded fo,
Is all the pleafure lovers know;
Who, like good falc'ners, take delight
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

XVIII.

TO A LADY,

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED A SILVER PEN.

MADAM! intending to have try'd
The filver favour which you gave,

In ink the ſhining point I dy'd,
And drench'd it in the ſable wave;
When, griev'd to be ſo foully ſtain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

" Suppoſe you had deſerv'd to take
From her fair hand ſo fair a boon,
Yet how deſerved I to make
So ill a change, who ever won
Immortal praiſe for what I wrote,
Inſtructed by her noble thought?

I, that expreſſed her commands
To mighty lords and princely dames,
Always moſt welcome to their hands,
Proud that I would record their names,
Muſt now be taught an humble ſtyle,
Some meaner beauty to beguile!"

So I, the wronged pen to pleaſe,
Make it my humble thanks expreſs
Unto your Ladyſhip in theſe:
And now 'tis forced to confeſs
That your great ſelf did ne'er indite,
Nor that, to one more noble, write.

XIX.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! ſince firſt our calm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increaſe,
And growing miſchiefs make you kind.

So the fair tree, which ſtill preſerves
Her fruit and ſtate while no wind blows,
In ſtorms from that uprightneſs ſwerves,
And the glad earth about her ſtrows
With treaſure, from her yielding bows.

XX.

TO A LADY IN RETIREMENT.

SEES not my love how Time reſumes
The glory which he lent theſe flow'rs?
Tho' none ſhould taſte of their perfumes,
Yet muſt they live but ſome few hours.
Time what we forbear devours!

Had Helen, or the Egyptian Queen *,
Been near ſo thrifty of their graces,
Thoſe beauties muſt at length have been
The ſpoil of Age, which finds out faces
In the moſt retired places.

* Cleopatra.

Should ſome malignant planet bring
A barren drought or ceaſeleſs ſhow'r
Upon the autumn or the ſpring,
And ſpare us neither fruit nor flow'r,
Winter would not ſtay an hour.

Could the reſolve of love's neglect
Preſerve you from the violation
Of coming years, then more reſpect
Were due to ſo divine a faſhion,
Nor would I indulge my paſſion.

XXI.

TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

on his tranſlation

OF SOME PARTS OF THE BIBLE.

How bold a work attempts that pen,
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of thoſe men
Who here with the ſame ſpirit ſung
Wherewith they now aſſiſt the choir
Of angels, who their ſongs admire!

What ever thoſe inſpired ſouls
Were urged to expreſs, did ſhake
The aged Deep, and both the poles;
Their num'rous thunder could awake

Dull Earth, which does with Heav'n conſent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say, ſacred Bard! what could beſtow
Courage on thee to ſoar ſo high?
Tell me, brave Friend! what help'd thee ſo
To ſhake off all mortality?
To light this torch thou haſt climb'd high'r
Than he who ſtole celeſtial fire *.

XXII.

TO MR. WILLIAM LAWES,

Who had then newly ſet a ſong of mine, in the year 1635.

VERSE makes heroic virtue live,
But you can life to verſes give.
As when in open air we blow,
The breath, (tho' ſtrain'd) ſounds flat and low,
But if a trumpet take the blaſt,
It lifts it high, and makes it laſt:
So in your airs our numbers dreſt,
Make a ſhrill ſally from the breaſt
Of nymphs, who ſinging what we penn'd,
Our paſſions to themſelves commend;
While love, victorious with thy art,
Governs at once their voice and heart.

* Prometheus.

You by the help of tune and time,
Can make that ſong which was but rhyme.
Noy pleading, no man doubts the cauſe,
Or queſtions verſes ſet by Lawes.
As a church-window, thick with paint,
Lets in a light but dim and faint;
So others with diviſion hide
The light of ſenſe, the poet's pride;
But you alone may truly boaſt
That not a ſyllable is loſt:
The writer's and the ſetter's ſkill
At once the raviſh'd ears do fill.
Let thoſe which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a ſong,
Content themſelves with *Ut, Re, Mi:*
Let words and ſenſe be ſet by thee.

XXIII.

TO SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT.

Written in France.

Thus the wiſe nightingale that leaves her home,
Her native wood, when ſtorms and winter come,
Purſuing conſtantly the cheerful ſpring,
To foreign groves does her old muſic bring.

The drooping Hebrews banish'd, harps unstrung,
At Babylon upon the willows hung:
Your's sounds aloud, and tells us you excel
No less in courage than in singing well;
While unconcern'd you let your country know,
They have impoverish'd themselves, not you;
Who with the Muses' help can mock those fates
Which threaten kingdoms and disorder states.
So Ovid, when from Cæsar's rage he fled,
The Roman Muse to Pontus with him led;
Where he so sung, that we, thro' Pity's glass,
See Nero milder than Augustus was.
Hereafter such in thy behalf shall be
Th' indulgent censure of posterity.
To banish those who with such art can sing,
Is a rude crime which its own curse doth bring:
Ages to come shall ne'er know how they fought,
Nor how to love their present youth be taught.
This to thyself.—Now to thy matchless book,
Wherein those few that can with judgment look,
May find old love in pure fresh language told,
Like new-stamp'd coin made out of angel gold;
Such truth in love as th' antique world did know,
In such a style as courts may boast of now;
Which no bold tales of gods or monsters swell,
But human passions, such as with us dwell.
Man is thy theme, his virtue or his rage
Drawn to the life in each elab'rate page.

Mars nor Bellona are not named here,
But ſuch a Gondibert as both might fear:
Venus had here, and Hebe, been outſhin'd
By thy bright Birtha and thy Rhodalind.
Such is thy happy ſkill, and ſuch the odds
Betwixt thy worthies and the Grecian gods!
Whoſe deities in vain had here come down,
Where mortal beauty wears the ſov'reign crown:
Such as of fleſh compos'd, by fleſh and blood,
Tho' not reſiſted, may be underſtood.

XXIV.

TO MY

WORTHY FRIEND MR. WASE,

THE TRANSLATOR OF GRATIUS.

Thus by the muſic we may know
When noble wits a-hunting go
Thro' groves that on Parnaſſus grow.

The Muſes all the chaſe adorn;
My friend on Pegaſus is borne;
And young Apollo winds the horn.

Having old Gratius in the wind,
No pack of critics e'er could find,
Or he know more of his own mind.

Here huntſmen with delight may read
How to chuſe dogs for ſcent or ſpeed,
And how to change or mend the breed.

What arms to uſe, or nets to frame,
Wild beaſts to combat or to tame;
With all the myſt'ries of that game.

But, worthy Friend! the face of war
In ancient times doth differ far
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like, ſince powder known,
That man, ſo cruel to his own,
Should ſpare the race of beaſts alone.

No quarter now, but with the gun
Men wait in trees from ſun to ſun,
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment, but a text
To tell how modern beaſts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muſe to court the age
With ſomewhat of your proper rage;

Since none does more to Phœbus owe,
Or in more languages can ſhow
Thoſe arts which you ſo early know.

XXV.

TO HIS
WORTHY FRIEND MR. EVELYN,
UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF LUCRETIUS.

Lucretius, (with a ſtork-like fate,
Born and tranſlated in a ſtate)
Comes to proclaim, in Engliſh verſe,
No monarch rules the univerſe,
But chance, and atoms, make this All
In order democratical,
Where bodies freely run their courſe,
Without deſign, or fate, or force:
And this in ſuch a ſtrain he ſings,
As if his Muſe, with angels' wings,
Had ſoar'd beyond our utmoſt ſphere,
And other worlds diſcover'd there:
For his immortal, boundleſs wit,
To Nature does no bounds permit,
But boldly has remov'd thoſe bars
Of heav'n, and earth, and ſeas, and ſtars,
By which they were before ſuppos'd,
By narrow wits, to be inclos'd,

Till his free Muſe threw down the pale,
And did at once diſpark them all.
So vaſt this argument did ſeem,
That the wiſe author did eſteem
The Roman language (which was ſpread
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)
A tongue too narrow to unfold
The wonders which he would have told.
This ſpeaks thy glory, noble Friend!
And Britiſh language does commend;
For here Lucretius whole we find,
His words, his muſic, and his mind.
Thy art has to our country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
Ovid tranſlated, Virgil too,
Shew'd long ſince what our tongue could do:
Nor Lucan we, nor Horace ſpar'd;
Only Lucretius was too hard:
Lucretius, like a fort, did ſtand
Untouch'd, till your victorious hand
Did from his head this garland bear,
Which now upon your own you wear:
A garland! made of ſuch new bays,
And ſought in ſuch untrodden ways,
As no man's temples e'er did crown,
Save this great author's and your own!

XXVI.

TO HIS

WORTHY FRIEND SIR THO. HIGGONS,

upon his tranſlation of

THE VENETIAN TRIUMPH.

THE winged Lion's * not ſo fierce in fight,
As Liberi's hand preſents him to our ſight;
Nor would his pencil make him half ſo fierce,
Or roar ſo loud, as Buſinello's verſe:
But your tranſlation does all three excel,
The fight, the piece, and lofty Buſinel.
As their ſmall gallies may not hold compare
With our tall ſhips, whoſe ſails employ more air;
So does the Italian to your genius vail,
Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler gale.
Thus while your Muſe ſpreads the Venetian ſtory,
You make all Europe emulate her glory:
You make them bluſh weak Venice ſhould defend
The cauſe of Heav'n, while they for words contend;
Shed Chriſtian blood, and pop'lous cities raſe,
Becauſe they 're taught to uſe ſome diff'rent phraſe.
If, liſt'ning to your charms, we could our jars
Compoſe, and on the Turk diſcharge theſe wars,
Our Britiſh arms the ſacred tomb might wreſt
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the Eaſt;

* The arms of Venice.

And then you might our own high deeds recite,
And with great Taſſo celebrate the fight.

XXVII.

TO A FRIEND,

OF THE DIFFERENT SUCCESS OF THEIR LOVES.

THRICE happy Pair! of whom we cannot know
Which firſt began to love, or loves moſt now:
Fair courſe of paſſion! where two lovers ſtart,
And run together, heart ſtill yok'd with heart:
Succeſsful Youth! whom Love has taught the way
To be victorious in the firſt eſſay.
Sure love's an art beſt practiſed at firſt
And where th' experienced ſtill proſper worſt!
I with a diff'rent fate purſu'd in vain
The haughty Cælia, till my juſt diſdain
Of her neglect, above that paſſion borne,
Did pride to pride oppoſe, and ſcorn to ſcorn.
Now ſhe relents; but all too late to move
A heart directed to a nobler love.
The ſcales are turn'd, her kindneſs weighs no more
Now than my vows and ſervice did before.
So in ſome well-wrought hangings you may ſee
How Hector leads, and how the Grecians flee:
Here the fierce Mars his courage ſo inſpires,
That with bold hands the Argive fleet he fires:

But there, from heav'n the blue-ey'd virgin * falls,
And frighted Troy retires within her walls:
They that are foremoſt in that bloody race,
Turn head anon, and give the conqu'rors chaſe.
So like the chances are of love and war,
That they alone in this diſtinguiſh'd are,
In love the victors from the vanquiſh'd fly;
They fly that wound, and they purſue that die.

XXVIII.

TO ZELINDA.

Fairest piece of well-form'd earth!
Urge not thus your haughty birth:
The pow'r which you have o'er us lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes.
" None but a Prince!"—Alas! that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice.
Should you no honey vow to taſte,
But what the maſter-bees have plac'd
In compaſs of their cells, how ſmall
A portion to your ſhare would fall?
Nor all appear, among thoſe few,
Worthy the ſtock from whence they grew.
The ſap which at the root is bred
In trees, thro' all the boughs is ſpread;

* Minerva.

But virtues which in parents ſhine,
Make not like progreſs thro' the line.
'Tis not from whom, but where, we live:
The place does oft' thoſe graces give.
Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps, or herd, had led.
He that the world ſubdu'd *, had been
But the beſt wreſtler on the green.
'Tis art and knowledge which draw forth
The hidden ſeeds of native worth:
They blow thoſe ſparks, and make them riſe
Into ſuch flames as touch the ſkies.
To the old heroes hence was giv'n
A pedigree which reach'd to heav'n:
Of mortal ſeed they were not held,
Which other mortals ſo excell'd.
And beauty, too, in ſuch exceſs
As your's, Zelinda! claims no leſs.
Smile but on me, and you ſhall ſcorn,
Henceforth, to be of princes born.
I can deſcribe the ſhady grove
Where your lov'd mother ſlept with Jove,
And yet excuſe the faultleſs dame,
Caught with her ſpouſe's ſhape and name.
Thy matchleſs form will credit bring
To all the wonders I ſhall ſing.

* Alexander.

XXIX.

TO MY LADY MORTON,

on new-year's day,

AT THE LOUVRE IN PARIS.

MADAM! new years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are ſo kind;
Still as they paſs they court and ſmile on you,
And make your beauty, as themſelves, ſeem new.
To the fair Villars we Dalkeith prefer,
And faireſt Morton now as much to her:
So like the ſun's advance your titles ſhow,
Which as he riſes does the warmer grow.
But thus to ſtyle you fair, your ſex's praiſe,
Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays.
From armed foes to bring a Royal prize *,
Shews your brave heart victorious as your eyes.
If Judith, marching with the general's head,
Can give us paſſion when her ſtory's read,
What may the living do, which brought away,
Tho' a leſs bloody, yet a nobler prey;
Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,
Snatch'd her fair charge, the Princeſs, like a brand?
A brand! preſerv'd to warm ſome prince's heart,
And make whole kingdoms take her brother's † part.

* Henrietta Maria, youngeſt daughter to K. Charles I.
† K. Charles II.

So Venus, from prevailing Greeks, did ſhrowd
The hope of Rome *, and ſav'd him in a cloud.
This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and abſolve this age.
Dark ſhades become the portrait of our time;
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime!
Let him that draws it hide the reſt in night;
This portion only may endure the light,
Where the kind nymph, changing her faultleſs ſhape,
Becomes unhandſome, handſomely to 'ſcape,
When thro' the guards, the river, and the ſea,
Faith, Beauty, Wit, and Courage, made their way.
As the brave eagle does with ſorrow ſee
The foreſt waſted, and that lofty tree
Which holds her neſt about to be o'erthrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown,
She will not leave them, nor ſhe cannot ſtay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away:
So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
Her princely burthen to the Gallic ſhore.
Born in the ſtorms of war, this Royal Fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempeſtuous air,
Tho' now ſhe flies her native iſle, (leſs kind,
Leſs ſafe for her than either ſea or wind!)
Shall, when the bloſſom of her beauty's blown,
See her great brother on the Britiſh throne;
Where Peace ſhall ſmile, and no diſpute ariſe,
But which rules moſt, his ſceptre, or her eyes.

* Aeneas

XXX.

TO A FAIR LADY,

PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

STRANGE! that ſuch horror and ſuch grace
Should dwell together in one place;
A fury's arm, an angel's face!

'Tis innocence and youth which makes
In Chloris' fancy ſuch miſtakes,
To ſtart at love, and play with Snakes.

By this and by her coldneſs barr'd,
Her ſervants have a taſk too hard:
The tyrant has a double guard!

Thrice happy Snake! that in her ſleeve
May boldly creep; we dare not give
Our thoughts ſo unconfin'd a leave.

Contented in that neſt of ſnow
He lies, as he his bliſs did know,
And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair Eve! you do not make
Another tempter of this Snake:
A marble one ſo warm'd would ſpeak.

XXXI.

A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR,

Of the preſent greatneſs, and joint intereſt,

OF HIS HIGHNESS, AND THIS NATION.

WHILE with a ſtrong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourſelves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial ſpirits ſtill aloud complain,
Think themſelves injur'd that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune ſhew'd his face,
To chide the winds, and ſave the Trojan race,
So has your Highneſs, rais'd above the reſt,
Storms of ambition toſſing us repreſt.

Your drooping country, torn with Civil hate,
Reſtor'd by you, is made a glorious ſtate;
The ſeat of empire, where the Iriſh come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The ſea's our own: and now all nations greet,
With bending ſails, each veſſel of our fleet.
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,
Or ſwelling ſails upon the globe may go.

Heav'n, (that hath plac'd this iſland to give law,
To balance Europe, and her ſtates to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain ſmile,
The greateſt leader, and the greateſt iſle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent,
Or thus created, it was ſure deſign'd
To be the ſacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppreſſed ſhall henceforth reſort,
Juſtice to crave, and ſuccour, at your court;
And then your Highneſs, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector ſhall be known.

Fame, ſwifter than your winged navy, flies
Thro' ev'ry land that near the ocean lies,
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine uſe.

With ſuch a chief the meaneſt nation bleſt,
Might hope to lift her head above the reſt.
What may be thought impoſſible to do
By us embraced by the ſea and you?

Lords of the world's great waſte, the ocean, we
Whole foreſts ſend to reign upon the ſea,
And ev'ry coaſt may trouble or relieve;
But none can viſit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy ſeats arrive;
While we deſcend, at pleaſure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidſt the boundleſs ocean ſet,
Of her own growth hath all that Nature craves,
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the ſky;
So what our earth and what our heav'n denies
Our ever-conſtant friend, the ſea, ſupplies.

The taſte of hot Arabia's ſpice we know,
Free from the ſcorching ſun that makes it grow:
Without the worm, in Perſian ſilks we ſhine;
And, without planting, drink of ev'ry vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, tho' the heavieſt metal, hither ſwims.
Ours is the harveſt where the Indians mow;
We plough the deep, and reap what others ſow.

Things of the nobleſt kind our own ſoil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our ſteeds.
Rome, tho' her Eagle thro' the world had flown,
Could never make this iſland all her own.

Here the Third Edward, and the Black Prince, too,
France-conqu'ring Henry flouriſh'd, and now you;
For whom we ſtay'd, as did the Grecian ſtate,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,
He wiſt not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet; a world reſerv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did ſubdue.

He ſafely might old troops to battle lead,
Againſt th' unwarlike Perſian and the Mede,
Whoſe haſty flight did, from a bloodleſs field,
More ſpoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall ſo ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garriſons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more ſhall make them come;
Our Engliſh iron holds them faſt at home.

They, that henceforth muſt be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of ſnow,
May blame the ſun, but muſt extol your grace,
Which in our ſenate hath allow'd them place.

Preferr'd by conqueſt, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they riſe, to be with us made one.
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquiſh'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Iriſh, with like fate
Advanc'd to be a portion of our ſtate;
While by your valour and your bounteous mind,
Nations, divided by the ſea, are join'd.

Holland, to gain your friendſhip, is content
To be our outguard on the Continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuſe,
Preventing poſts, the terror and the news,
Our neighbour princes trembled at their roar;
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing ſword made war to ceaſe,
And now you heal us with the acts of peace;
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and reſtrain our rage.

Leſs pleaſure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in reſtoring ſuch as are undone.
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, ſpare.

To pardon willing, and to puniſh loath,
You ſtrike with one hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that proſtrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or Error had our age miſled,
And o'er this nation ſuch confuſion ſpread,
The only cure which could from Heav'n come down
Was ſo much pow'r and piety in one!

One! whoſe extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may ſhine.
The meaneſt in your nature, mild and good,
The noble reſt ſecured in your blood.

Oft' have we wonder'd how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to ſuch things as theſe;
How ſuch a ruling ſp'rit you could reſtrain,
And practiſe firſt over yourſelf to reign.

Your private life did a juſt pattern give
How fathers, huſbands, pious ſons, ſhould live.
Born to command, your princely virtues ſlept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept:

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchleſs worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a proſp'rous end.

Still as you riſe, the ſtate, exalted too,
Finds no diſtemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great ſcene! when, without
The riſing ſun night's vulgar lights deſtroys. [noiſe,

Had you, ſome ages paſt, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we ſhould read your ſtory;
But living virtue, all achievements paſt,
Meets envy ſtill to grapple with at laſt.

This Cæſar found; and that ungrateful age,
With loſing him, went back to blood and rage:
Miſtaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that ſtroke.

That ſun once ſet, a thouſand meaner ſtars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To ſuch a tempeſt as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great ſenate could not wield that ſword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You! that had taught them to ſubdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high ſp'rits compoſe;
To ev'ry duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion ſhakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that firſt took pain
To tame his youth approach the haughty beaſt,
He bends to him, but frights away the reſt.

As the vex'd world, to find repoſe, at laſt
Itſelf into Auguſtus' arms did caſt;
So England now does, with like toil oppreſt,
Her weary head upon your boſom reſt.

Then let the Muſes, with ſuch notes as theſe,
Inſtruct us what belongs unto our peace.
Your battles they hereafter ſhall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight:

Tell of towns ſtorm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of duſt did choke
Contending troops, and ſeas lay hid in ſmoke.

Illuſtrious acts high raptures do infuſe,
And ev'ry conqueror creates a Muſe.
Here, in low ſtrains, your milder deeds we ſing;
But there, my Lord! we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head; while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquiſh'd nations, and the ſea beſide;
While all your neighbour-princes unto you,
Like Joſeph's ſheaves, pay reverence, and bow.

XXXII.

TO THE KING,

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY RETURN.

The rifing fun complies with our weak fight,
Firft gilds the clouds, then fhows his globe of light
At fuch a diftance from our eyes, as tho'
He knew what harm his hafty beams would do.
But your full majefty at once breaks forth
In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
Your youth, and all the fplendour of your ftate,
(Wrapp'd up, till now, in clouds of adverfe fate!)
With fuch a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our fpread hearts with fo great joy furprife,
That if your grace incline that we fhould live,
You muft not, Sir! too haftily forgive.
Our guilt preferves us from th' excefs of joy,
Which fcatters fpirits, and would life deftroy.
All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,
Like fainting Efther, does before you ftand,
Watching your fceptre. The revolted fea
Trembles to think fhe did your foes obey.
Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late,
In a wild rage became the fcorn and hate
Of her proud neighbours, who began to think
She with the weight of her own force would fink.

But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
This Giant Isle has got her eye again.
Now she might spare the ocean, and oppose
Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes.
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad, and now your thunder shall.
Princes that saw you diff'rent passions prove,
For now they dread the object of their love,
Nor without envy can behold his height,
Whose conversation was their late delight.
So Semele, contented with the rape
Of Jove, disguised in a mortal shape,
When she beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd.
  And tho' it be our sorrow and our crime
To have accepted life so long a time
Without you here, yet does this absence gain
No small advantage to your present reign:
For having view'd the persons and the things,
The councils, state, and strength of Europe's kings,
You know your work; ambition to restrain,
And set them bounds, as Heav'n does to the main.
We have you now with ruling wisdom fraught,
Not such as books, but such as practise taught.
So the lost sun, while least by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night for our concern employ'd:
He ripens spices, fruits, and precious gums,
Which from remotest regions hither comes.

This ſeat of your's (from th' other world remov'd)
Had Archimedes known, he might have prov'd
His engine's force fix'd here. Your pow'r and ſkill
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.
Much ſuff'ring Monarch! the firſt Engliſh-born
That has the crown of theſe three nations worn!
How has your patience, with the barb'rous rage
Of your own ſoil, contended half an age?
Till (your try'd virtue and your ſacred word,
At laſt preventing your unwilling ſword)
Armies and fleets which kept you out ſo long,
Own'd their great Sov'reign, and redreſs'd his wrong.
When ſtraight the people, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,
Break forth at once, like powder ſet on fire,
And, with a noble rage, their King require.
So th' injur'd ſea, which from her wonted courſe,
To gain ſome acres, avarice did force,
If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old channel ſtay;
Raging, the late-got land ſhe overflows,
And all that's built upon't to ruin goes.
Offenders now, the chiefeſt, do begin
To ſtrive for grace, and expiate their ſin.
All winds blow fair, that did the world embroil;
Your vipers treacle yield, and ſcorpions oil.
If then ſuch praiſe the Macedonian* got,
For having rudely cut the Gordian knot,

* Alexander.

What glory's due to him that could divide
Such ravell'd int'reſts? has the knot unty'd,
And without ſtroke ſo ſmooth a paſſage made,
Where Craft and Malice ſuch impeachments laid?
But while we praiſe you, you aſcribe it all
To His high hand which threw the untouch'd wall
Of ſelf-demoliſh'd Jericho ſo low:
His angel 'twas that did before you go,
Tam'd ſavage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like ears of corn when wind ſalutes the field.
Thus, patience-crown'd, like Job's, your trouble ends,
Having your foes to pardon and your friends:
For tho' your courage were ſo firm a rock,
What private virtue could endure the ſhock?
Like your Great Maſter, you the ſtorm withſtood,
And pity'd thoſe who love with frailty ſhew'd.
Rude Indians, tort'ring all the royal race,
Him with the throne and dear-bought ſceptre grace
That ſuffers beſt. What region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd?
The next experience of your mighty mind
Is, how you combat Fortune, now ſhe's kind.
And this way, too, you are victorious found;
She flatters with the ſame ſucceſs ſhe frown'd.
While to yourſelf ſevere, to others kind,
With pow'r unbounded and a will confin'd,
Of this vaſt empire you poſſeſs the care,
The ſofter parts fall to the people's ſhare.

Safety and equal government are things
Which fubjects make as happy as their kings.
  Faith, Law, and Piety, (that banifh'd train!)
Juftice and Truth, with you return again.
The City's trade, and country's eafy life,
Once more fhall flourifh without fraud or ftrife.
Your reign no lefs affures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm fun advances his increafe;
And does the fhepherds as fecurely keep,
From all their fears, as they preferve their fheep.
  But, above all, the Mufe-infpired train
Triumph, and raife their drooping heads again:
Kind Heav'n, at once, has, in your perfon, fent
Their facred judge, their guard, and argument.

Nec magis expreffi vultus per ahenea figna,
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique, virorum
Clarorum apparent * * * * Hor.

XXXIII.

TO THE QUEEN,

UPON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

after her happy recovery from a dangerous ficknefs.

FAREWELL the year which threaten'd fo
The faireft light the world can fhow.
Welcome the new! whofe ev'ry day,
Reftoring what was fnatch'd away

By pining ſickneſs from the fair,
That matchleſs beauty does repair
So faſt, that the approaching ſpring,
(Which does to flow'ry meadows bring
What the rude winter from them tore)
Shall give her all ſhe had before.
  But we recover not ſo faſt
The ſenſe of ſuch a danger paſt:
We that eſteem'd you ſent from heav'n,
A pattern to this iſland giv'n,
To ſhew us what the bleſs'd do there,
And what alive they practis'd here,
When that which we immortal thought,
We ſaw ſo near deſtruction brought,
Felt all which you did then endure,
And tremble yet as not ſecure:
So tho' the ſun victorious be,
And from a dark eclipſe ſet free,
The influence, which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our thoughts the following year.
  But that which may relieve our care
Is, that you have a help ſo near
For all the evil you can prove,
The kindneſs of your Royal love:
He that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reſerv'd for you, more dear,
More priz'd, than all thoſe kingdoms were!

... when no healing art prevail'd,
When cordials and elixirs fail'd,
On your pale cheek he dropp'd the ſhow'r
Reviv'd you like a dying flow'r.

XXXIV.

TO THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS,

when ſhe was taking leave of

THE COURT AT DOVER.

THAT ſun of beauty did among us riſe;
England firſt ſaw the light of your fair eyes:
In Engliſh, too, your early wit was ſhown;
Favour that language, which was then your own,
When, tho' a child, thro' guards you made you way:
What fleet or army could an angel ſtay?
Thrice happy Britain! if ſhe could retain
Whom ſhe firſt bred within her ambient main.
Our late burnt London, in apparel new,
Shook off her aſhes to have treated you:
But we muſt ſee our glory ſnatch'd away,
And with warm tears increaſe the guilty ſea:
No wind can favour us; howe'er it blows,
We muſt be wreck'd, and our dear treaſure loſe!
Sighs will not let us half our ſorrows tell—
Fair, lovely, great, and beſt of nymphs, farewell!

XXXV.

TO A LADY,

From whom he received the copy of the poem entitled, Of a Tree cut in Paper, which for many years had been loſt.

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes ;
All they ſubdue become their ſpies.
Secrets, as choiceſt jewels, are
Preſented to oblige the fair :
No wonder, then, that a loſt thought
Should there be found where ſouls are caught.
  The picture of fair Venus, (that
For which men ſay the goddeſs ſat)
Was loſt, till Lely from your look
Again that glorious image took.
  If Virtue's ſelf were loſt, we might
From your fair mind new copies write.
All things but one you can reſtore ;
The heart you get returns no more.

XXXVI.

TO MR. KILLEGREW,

Upon his altering his play, Pandora, from a tragedy into a comedy, becauſe not approved on the ſtage.

SIR ! you ſhould rather teach our age the way
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your play,

You had oblig'd us by employing wit
Not to reform Pandora, but the Pit:
For as the nightingale, without the throng
Of other birds, alone attends her fong,
While the loud daw, his throat difplaying, draws
The whole affembly of his fellow-daws;
So muft the writer whofe productions fhould
Take with the vulgar be of vulgar mould;
Whilft nobler fancies make a flight too high
For common view, and leffen as they fly.

XXXVII.

TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR,

A PERSON OF HONOUR,

Who lately writ a religious book, entitled, Hiftorical Applications, and occafional Meditations, upon feveral fubjects.

Bold is the man that dares engage
For piety in fuch an age!
Who can prefume to find a guard
From fcorn, when Heav'n's fo little fpar'd?
Divines are pardon'd; they defend
Altars on which their lives depend;
But the profane impatient are,
When nobler pens make this their care;
For why fhould thefe let in a beam
Of divine light to trouble them,

And call in doubt their pleasing thought,
That none believes what we are taught?
High birth and fortune warrant give
That such men write what they believe;
And, feeling first what they indite,
New credit give to ancient light.
Amongst these few, our author brings
His well-known pedigree from kings.
This book, the image of his mind,
Will make his name not hard to find:
I wish the throng of great and good
Made it less eas'ly understood!

XXXVIII.

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,

Upon his incomparable, incomprehensible poem, entitled, The British Princes.

Sir! you've oblig'd the British nation more
Than all their bards could ever do before,
And at your own charge monuments as hard
As brass or marble to your fame have rear'd:
For as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how their brave ancestors could fight,
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no less virtuously improv'd your own;

That 'twill be doubtful whether you do write
Or they have acted at a nobler height.
You of your ancient princes have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd;
Explain'd their customs and their rights a-new,
Better than all their Druids ever knew;
Unriddled those dark oracles as well
As those that made them could themselves foretell.
For as the Britons long have hop'd, in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again,
You have fulfill'd that prophesy alone,
And in your poem plac'd him on his throne.
Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen
To raise the dead, and give new life to men;
Make rival princes meet in arms, and love
Whom distant ages did so far remove:
For as eternity has neither past
Nor future, authors say, nor first nor last,
But is all instant, your eternal Muse
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then why should you, whose miracles of art
Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-busied head,
T' observe what times they liv'd in or were dead?
For since you have such arbitrary pow'r,
It were defect in judgment to go low'r,
Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,
As use to take the vulgar latitude:

For no man's fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not ſome proportion with your wit:
As light can no way but by light appear,
He muſt bring ſenſe that underſtands it here.

XXXIX.

TO CHLORIS.

Chloris! what's eminent, we know
Muſt for ſome cauſe be valu'd ſo:
Things without uſe, tho' they be good,
Are not by us ſo underſtood.
The early roſe, made to diſplay
Her bluſhes to the youthful May,
Doth yield her ſweets, ſince he is fair,
And courts her with a gentle air.
Our ſtars do ſhew their excellence
Not by their light, but influence:
When brighter comets, ſince ſtill known,
Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.
So your admired beauty ſtill
Is, by effects, made good or ill.

XL.

TO THE KING.

Great Sir! diſdain not in this piece to ſtand
Supreme commander both of ſea and land.

Thoſe which inhabit the celeſtial bow'r,
Painters expreſs with emblems of their pow'r;
His club Alcides, Phœbus has his bow,
Jove has his thunder, and your navy you.
But your great providence no colours here
Can repreſent, nor pencil draw that care
Which keeps you waking to ſecure our peace,
The nation's glory, and our trade's increaſe:
You for theſe ends whole days in council ſit,
And the diverſions of your youth forget.
Small were the worth of valour and of force,
If your high wiſdom govern'd not their courſe:
You as the ſoul, as the firſt mover you,
Vigour and life on ev'ry part beſtow:
How to build ſhips, and dreadful ord'nance caſt,
Inſtruct the artiſts, and reward their haſte.
So Jove himſelf, when Typhon heav'n does brave,
Deſcends to viſit Vulcan's ſmoky cave,
Teaching the brawny Cyclops how to frame
His thunder, mix'd with terror, wrath, and flame.
Had the old Greeks diſcover'd your abode,
Crete had not been the cradle of their god:
On that ſmall iſland they had look'd with ſcorn,
And in Great Britain thought the Thund'rer born.

XLI.

TO THE DUCHESS,

when he presented

THIS BOOK TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM! I here present you with the rage,
And with the beauties of a former age,
Wishing you may with as great pleasure view
This, as we take in gazing upon you.
Thus we writ then: your brighter eyes inspire
A nobler flame, and raise our genius high'r.
While we your wit and early knowledge fear,
To our productions we become severe:
Your matchless beauty gives our fancy wing,
Your judgment makes us careful how we sing.
Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haste,
Polish'd like marble, shall like marble last,
And make you thro' as many ages shine,
As Tasso has the heroes of your line.
Tho' other names our wary writers use,
You are the subject of the British Muse:
Dilating mischief to yourself unknown,
Men write, and die of wounds they dare not own.
So the bright sun burns all our grass away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.

SONGS.

I.

SONG.

STAY, Phœbus! ſtay;
The world to which you fly ſo faſt,
Conveying day
From us to them, can pay your haſte
With no ſuch object, nor ſalute your riſe
With no ſuch wonder as De Mornay's eyes.

Well does this prove
The error of thoſe antique books
Which made you move
About the world: her charming looks
Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rolling earth ſnatch her away.

II.

SONG.

SAY, lovely Dream! where couldſt thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal place.

In heav'n itſelf thou ſure wert dreſt
With that angel-like diſguiſe;
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my joy with cloſed eyes.

But, ah! this image is too kind
To be other than a Dream:
Cruel Sachariſſa's mind
Never put on that ſweet extreme!

Fair Dream! if thou intend'ſt me grace,
Change that heav'nly face of thine;
Paint deſpis'd love in thy face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre, let it look,
With a pity-moving ſhape,
Such as wander by the brook
Of Lethe, or from graves eſcape.

Then to that matchleſs nymph appear,
In whoſe ſhape thou ſhineſt ſo;
Softly in her ſleeping ear,
With humble words, expreſs my woe.

Perhaps from greatneſs, ſtate, and pride,
Thus ſurpriſed ſhe may fall:
Sleep does diſproportion hide,
And, death reſembling, equals all.

III.

SONG.

PEACE, babbling Muſe!
I dare not ſing what you indite;
Her eyes refuſe
To read the paſſion which they write:
She ſtrikes my lute, but if it ſound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
And I no leſs her anger dread,
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While ſome fierce lion does embrace
His breathleſs corpſe, and lick his face:
Wrapp'd up in ſilent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

IV.

SONG.

I.

CHLORIS! farewell; I now muſt go;
For if with thee I longer ſtay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me ſo,
I ſhall prove blind, and loſe my way.

II.

Fame of thy beauty and thy youth,
Among the reſt, me hither brought:

Finding this fame fall ſhort of truth,
Made me ſtay longer than I thought.

III.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath,
A ſervant to another's will;
Yet for thy love I'd forfeit both,
Could I be ſure to keep it ſtill.

IV.

But what aſſurance can I take,
When thou, foreknowing this abuſe,
For ſome more worthy lover's ſake,
May'ſt leave me with ſo juſt excuſe?

V.

For thou may'ſt ſay, 'twas not thy fault
That thou didſt thus inconſtant prove,
Being by my example taught
To break thy oath to mend thy love.

VI.

No, Chloris! no: I will return,
And raiſe thy ſtory to that height,
That ſtrangers ſhall at diſtance burn,
And ſhe diſtruſt me reprobate.

VII.

Then ſhall my love this doubt diſplace,
And gain ſuch truſt, that I may come
And banquet ſometimes on thy face,
But make my conſtant meals at home.

V.

SONG. TO FLAVIA.

I.

'Tis not your beauty can engage
My wary heart;
The ſun, in all his pride and rage,
Has not that art;
And yet he ſhines as bright as you,
If brightneſs could our ſouls ſubdue.

II.

'Tis not the pretty things you ſay,
Nor thoſe you write,
Which can make Thyrſis' heart your prey:
For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind
In ſome of our own ſex we find.

III.

No, Flavia! 'tis your love I fear;
Love's ſureſt darts,
Thoſe which ſo ſeldom fail him, are
Headed with hearts:
Their very ſhadows make us yield;
Diſſemble well, and win the field.

VI.

SONG.

Behold the brand of Beauty toſt!
See how the motion does dilate the flame!

Delighted Love his ſpoils does boaſt,
And triumph in this game.
Fire, to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder and our fear,
Moving the mind,
As lightning hurled thro' the air.

High heav'n the glory does increaſe
Of all her ſhining lamps this artful way;
The ſun in figures, ſuch as theſe,
Joys with the moon to play:
To the ſweet ſtrains they advance,
Which do reſult from their own ſpheres,
As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which ſhe hears.

VII.

SONG.

WHILE I liſten to thy voice,
Chloris! I feel my life decay;
That pow'rful noiſe
Calls my fleeting ſoul away.
Oh! ſuppreſs that magic ſound,
Which deſtroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris! peace! or ſinging die,
That together you and I

To heav'n may go;
For all we know
Of what the bleſſed do above,
Is that they ſing, and that they love.

VIII.

SONG.

Go, lovely Roſe!
Tell her that waſtes her time and me,
That now ſhe knows,
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And ſhuns to have her graces ſpy'd,
That hadſt thou ſprung
In deſerts, where no men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herſelf to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

Then die! that ſhe
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How ſmall a part of time they ſhare
That are ſo wondrous ſweet and fair!

IX.

SUNG BY

MRS. KNIGHT, TO HER MAJESTY,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

THIS happy day two lights are ſeen,
A glorious Saint, a matchleſs Queen;
Both nam'd alike, both crown'd appear,
The ſaint above, th' Infanta here.
May all thoſe years which Catharine
The Martyr did for heav'n reſign,
Be added to the line
Of your bleſt life among us here!
For all the pains that ſhe did feel,
And all the torments of her wheel,
May you as many pleaſures ſhare!
May Heav'n itſelf content
With Catharine the Saint!
Without appearing old,
An hundred times may you,
With eyes as bright as now,
This welcome day behold!

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

I.

PROLOGUE FOR THE LADY-ACTORS:

SPOKEN BEFORE K. CHARLES II.

AMAZE us not with that majeſtic frown,
But lay aſide the greatneſs of your crown!
And for that look which does your people awe,
When in your throne and robes you give them law,
Lay it by here, and give a gentler ſmile,
Such as we ſee great Jove's in picture, while
He liſtens to Apollo's charming lyre,
Or judges of the ſongs he does inſpire.
Comedians on the ſtage ſhew all their ſkill,
And after do as Love and Fortune will.
We are leſs careful, hid in this diſguiſe;
In our own clothes more ſerious and more wiſe.
Modeſt at home, upon the ſtage more bold,
We ſeem warm lovers, tho' our breaſts be cold:
A fault committed here deſerves no ſcorn,
If we act well the parts to which we're born.

II.

PROLOGUE

TO THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

SCARCE ſhould we have the boldneſs to pretend
So long-renown'd a tragedy to mend,
Had not already ſome deſerv'd your praiſe
With like attempt. Of all our elder plays
This and Philaſter have the loudeſt fame:
Great are their faults, and glorious is their flame.
In both our Engliſh genius is expreſs'd;
Lofty and bold, but negligently dreſs'd.
  Above our neighbours our conceptions are;
But faultleſs writing is th' effect of care.
Our lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haſte,
Poliſh'd like marble, would like marble laſt.
But as the preſent, ſo the laſt age writ;
In both we find like negligence and wit.
Were we but leſs indulgent to our faults,
And patience had to cultivate our thoughts,
Our Muſe would flouriſh, and a nobler rage
Would honour this than did the Grecian ſtage.
  Thus ſays our Author, not content to ſee
That others write as careleſsly as he;
Tho' he pretends not to make things complete,
Yet, to pleaſe you, he'd have the poets ſweat.
  In this old play, what's new we have expreſt
In rhyming verſe, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt;

That as the Rhone its haſty way does make
(Not mingling waters) thro' Geneva's lake,
So having here the diff'rent ſtyles in view,
You may compare the former with the new.
If we leſs rudely ſhall the knot unty,
Soften the rigour of the tragedy,
And yet preſerve each perſon's character,
Then to the other this you may prefer.
'Tis left to you: the Boxes and the Pit
Are ſov'reign judges of this ſort of wit.
In other things the knowing artiſt may
Judge better than the people; but a play,
(Made for delight, and for no other uſe)
If you approve it not, has no excuſe.

III.

EPILOGUE

TO THE MAID'S TRAGEDY. SPOKEN BY THE KING.

The fierce Melantius was content, you ſee,
The King ſhould live; be not more fierce than he:
Too long indulgent to ſo rude a time,
When love was held ſo capital a crime,
That a crown'd head could no compaſſion find,
But dy'd—becauſe the killer had been kind!
Nor is't leſs ſtrange ſuch mighty wits as thoſe
Should uſe a ſtyle in tragedy like proſe.

Well-ſounding verſe, where princes tread the ſtage,
Should ſpeak their virtue, or deſcribe their rage.
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that ſound, as well as ſenſe, perſuades:
And verſes are the potent charms we uſe,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuſe.
When next we act this tragedy again,
Unleſs you like the change, we ſhall be ſlain.
The innocent Aſpaſia's life or death,
Amintor's too, depends upon your breath.
Exceſs of love was heretofore the cauſe;
Now if we die 'tis want of your applauſe.

IV.

EPILOGUE

TO THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

Deſigned upon the firſt alteration of the play, when the King only was left alive.

Aspasia bleeding on the ſtage does ly,
To ſhew you ſtill 'tis the Maid's Tragedy.
The fierce Melantius was content, you ſee,
The King ſhould live: be not more fierce than he:
Too long indulgent to ſo rude a time,
When love was held ſo capital a crime,
That a crown'd head could no compaſſion find,
But dy'd—becauſe the killer had been kind!

This better-natur'd Poet had repriev'd
Gentle Amintor too, had he believ'd
The fairer ſex his pardon could approve,
Who to ambition ſacrific'd his love.
Aſpaſia he has ſpar'd; but for her wound
(Neglected love!) there could no ſalve be found.
  When next we act this tragedy again,
Unleſs you like the change, I muſt be ſlain.
Exceſs of love was heretofore the cauſe;
Now if I die 'tis want of your applauſe.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, *&c.*

I. *Under a lady's picture.*

Such Helen was! and who can blame the boy *
That in ſo bright a flame conſum'd his Troy?
But had like virtue ſhin'd in that fair Greek,
The am'rous ſhepherd had not dar'd to ſeek
Or hope for pity, but with ſilent moan,
And better fate, had periſhed alone. 6

II. *Of a lady who writ in praiſe of Mira.*

While ſhe pretends to make the graces known
Of matchleſs Mira, ſhe reveals her own:
And when ſhe would another's praiſe indite,
Is by her glaſs inſtructed how to write. 4

III. *To one married to an old man.*

Since thou wouldſt needs (bewitch'd with ſome ill
Be bury'd in thoſe monumental arms, [charms!)
All we can wiſh is, may that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs! and ſo good night. 4

IV. *An epigram on a painted lady with ill teeth.*

Were men ſo dull they could not ſee
That Lyce painted; ſhould they flee,

* Paris.

Like ſimple birds, into a net
So groſsly woven and ill ſet,
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that ſhe had got.
Thoſe teeth fair Lyce muſt not ſhow
If ſhe would bite: her lovers, tho'
Like birds they ſtoop at ſeeming grapes,
Are diſabus'd when firſt ſhe gapes:
The rotten bones diſcover'd there,
Shew 'tis a painted ſepulchre.

V. *Epigram upon the golden medal.*

Our guard upon the royal ſide!
On the reverſe our beauty's pride!
Here we diſcern the frown and ſmile,
The force and glory of our iſle.
In the rich medal, both ſo like
Immortals ſtand, it ſeems antique;
Carv'd by ſome maſter, when the bold
Greeks made their Jove deſcend in gold,
And Danae wond'ring at that ſhow'r,
Which, falling, ſtorm'd her brazen tow'r:
Britannia there, the fort in vain
Had batter'd been with golden rain:
Thunder itſelf had fail'd to paſs:
Virtue's a ſtronger guard than braſs.

VI. *Written on a card that her Majeſty * tore at Ombre.*

The cards you tear in value riſe;
So do the wounded by your eyes.
Who to celeſtial things aſpire,
Are by that paſſion rais'd the higher. 4

VII. *To Mr. Granville, (now Lord Lanſdown) on his verſes to K. James II.*

An early plant! which ſuch a bloſſom bears,
And ſhews a genius ſo beyond his years:
A judgment! that could make ſo fair a choice;
So high a ſubject to employ his voice:
Still as it grows, how ſweetly will he ſing
The growing greatneſs of our matchleſs King! 6

VIII. *Long and ſhort life.*

Circles are prais'd, not that abound
In largeneſs, but th' exactly round:
So life we praiſe that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well. 4

IX. *Tranſlated out of Spaniſh.*

Tho' we may ſeem importunate,
While your compaſſion we implore,
They whom you make too fortunate,
May with preſumption vex you more. 4

* Q. Catharine.

X. *Tranſlated out of French.*

FADE, Flowers! fade, Nature will have it ſo;
'Tis but what we muſt in our autumn do!
And as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loſs alone by thoſe that lov'd them found;
So in the grave ſhall we as quiet ly,
Miſs'd by ſome few that lov'd our company:
But ſome ſo like to thorns and nettles live,
That none for them can, when they periſh, grieve.

XI. *Some verſes of an imperfect copy, deſigned for a friend, on his tranſlation of Ovid's Faſti.*

ROME's holy-days you tell, as if a gueſt
With the old Romans you were wont to feaſt.
Numa's religion, by themſelves believ'd,
Excels the true, only in ſhew receiv'd.
They made the nations round about them bow,
With their Dictators taken from the plow:
Such pow'r has juſtice, faith, and honeſty!
The world was conquer'd by morality.
Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
That's neither faithful, honeſt, juſt, nor brave;
But where religion does with virtue join,
It makes a hero like an angel ſhine.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

XII. *On the ſtatue of King Charles I. at Charing-croſs, in the year* 1674.

THAT the Firſt Charles does here in triumph ride,
See his ſon reign'd where he a martyr dy'd,
And people pay that rev'rence as they paſs,
(Which then he wanted!) to the ſacred braſs,
Is not th' effect of gratitude alone,
To which we owe the ſtatue and the ſtone;
But Heav'n this laſting monument has wrought,
That mortals may eternally be taught
Rebellion, tho' ſucceſsful, is but vain,
And kings ſo kill'd riſe conquerors again.
This truth the royal image does proclaim,
Loud as the trumpet of ſurviving Fame.

XIII. *Pride.*

NOT the brave Macedonian youth * alone,
But baſe Caligula, when on the throne,
Boundleſs in pow'r, would make himſelf a god,
As if the world depended on his nod.
The Syrian King † to beaſts was headlong thrown,
Ere to himſelf he could be mortal known.
The meaneſt wretch, if Heav'n ſhould give him line,
Would never ſtop till he were thought divine.
All might within diſcern the ſerpent's pride,
If from ourſelves nothing ourſelves did hide.

* Alexander. † Nebuchadnezzar.

Let the proud peacock his gay feathers ſpread,
And woo the female to his painted bed;
Let winds and ſeas together rage and ſwell;
This Nature teaches, and becomes them well.
"Pride was not made for men *:" a conſcious ſenſe
Of guilt, and folly, and their conſequence,
Deſtroys the claim, and to beholders tells,
Here nothing but the ſhape of Manhood dwells.

XIV. *Epitaph on Sir George Speke.*

Under this ſtone lies virtue, youth,
Unblemiſh'd probity, and truth:
Juſt unto all relations known,
A worthy patriot, pious ſon;
Whom neighb'ring towns ſo often ſent,
To give their ſenſe in parliament;
With lives and fortunes truſting one
Who ſo diſcreetly us'd his own.
Sober he was, wiſe, temperate,
Contented with an old eſtate,
Which no foul av'rice did increaſe,
Nor wanton luxury make leſs.
While yet but young, his father dy'd,
And left him to an happy guide:
Not Lemuel's mother with more care
Did counſel or inſtruct her heir,

* Eccluſ. chap. x. ver. 18.

Or teach with more ſucceſs her ſon
The vices of the time to ſhun.
An heireſs ſhe; while yet alive,
All that was her's to him did give;
And he juſt gratitude did ſhow
To one that had oblig'd him ſo:
Nothing too much for her he thought,
By whom he was ſo bred and taught.
So (early made that path to tread,
Which did his youth to honour lead)
His ſhort life did a pattern give
How neighbours, huſbands, friends, ſhould live.
 The virtues of a private life
Exceed the glorious noiſe and ſtrife
Of battles won: in thoſe we find
The ſolid int'reſt of mankind.
 Approv'd by all, and lov'd ſo well,
Tho' young, like fruit that's ripe he fell.

XV. *Epitaph on Colonel Charles Cavendiſh.*

HERE lies Charles Ca'ndiſh: let the marble ſtone,
That hides his aſhes, make his virtue known.
Beauty and valour did his ſhort life grace,
The grief and glory of his noble race!
Early abroad he did the world ſurvey,
As if he knew he had not long to ſtay:
Saw what great Alexander in the Eaſt
And mighty Julius conquer'd in the Weſt:

Then with a mind as great as theirs he came
To find at home occaſion for his fame;
Where dark confuſion did the nations hide,
And where the juſter was the weaker ſide.
Two loyal brothers took their Sov'reign's part,
Employ'd their wealth, their courage, and their art:
The elder * did whole regiments afford;
The younger brought his conduct and his ſword.
Born to command, a leader he begun,
And on the rebels laſting honour won.
The horſe inſtructed by their gen'ral's worth,
Still made the King victorious in the North.
Where Ca'ndiſh fought the Royaliſts prevail'd;
Neither his courage nor his judgment fail'd.
The current of his vict'ries found no ſtop,
Till Cromwell came, his party's chiefeſt prop.
Equal ſucceſs had ſet theſe champions high,
And both reſolv'd to conquer or to die.
Virtue with rage, fury with valour ſtrove;
But that muſt fall which is decreed above!
Cromwell with odds of number and of Fate,
Remov'd this bulwark of the church and ſtate;
Which the ſad iſſue of the war declar'd,
And made his taſk to ruin both leſs hard.
So when the bank, neglected, is o'erthrown,
The boundleſs torrent does the country drown.

* William Earl of Devonſhire.

Thus fell the young, the lovely, and the brave;
Strew bays and flowers on his honour'd grave!

XVI. *Epitaph on the Lady Sedley.*

HERE lies the learned Savil's heir,
So early wiſe, and laſting fair!
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.
All that her father knew or got,
His art, his wealth, fell to her lot;
And ſhe ſo well improv'd that ſtock,
Both of his knowledge and his flock,
That Wit and Fortune, reconcil'd
In her, upon each other ſmil'd.
While ſhe, to ev'ry well-taught mind,
Was ſo propitiouſly inclin'd,
And gave ſuch title to her ſtore,
That none but th' ignorant were poor.
The Muſes daily found ſupplies,
Both from her hands and from her eyes.
Her bounty did at once engage,
And matchleſs beauty warm their rage.
Such was this dame in calmer days,
Her nation's ornament and praiſe!
But when a ſtorm diſturb'd our reſt,
The port and refuge of th' oppreſt.
This made her fortune underſtood,
And look'd on as ſome public good.

So that (her perſon and her ſtate,
Exempted from the common fate)
In all our Civil fury ſhe
Stood, like a ſacred temple, free.
May here her monument ſtand ſo,
To credit this rude age! and ſhow
To future times, that even we
Some patterns did of virtue ſee;
And one ſublime example had
Of good among ſo many bad.

XVII. *Epitaph to be written under the Latin inſcription upon the tomb of the only ſon of the Lord Andover.*

'Tis fit the Engliſh reader ſhould be told,
In our own language, what this tomb does hold.
'Tis not a noble corpſe alone does lie
Under this ſtone, but a whole family.
His parents' pious care, their name their joy,
And all their hope, lies buried with this boy:
This lovely Youth! for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.
Had there been ſpace and years enough allow'd,
His courage, wit, and breeding, to have ſhow'd,
We had not found, in all the num'rous roll
Of his fam'd anceſtors, a greater ſoul:
His early virtues to that ancient ſtock
Gave as much honour as from thence he took.

Like buds appearing ere the froſts are paſt,
To become man he made ſuch fatal haſte,
And to perfection labour'd ſo to climb,
Preventing ſlow experience and time,
That 'tis no wonder Death our hopes beguil'd.
He's ſeldom old that will not be a child.

XVIII. *Epitaph unfiniſhed.*

Great Soul! for whom Death will no longer ſtay,
But ſends in haſte to ſnatch our bliſs away.
O cruel Death! to thoſe you take more kind
Than to the wretched mortals left behind!
Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue, ſhin'd,
Free from the clouds of pride that ſhade the mind.
Inſpired verſe may on this marble live,
But can no honour to thy aſhes give——

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

DIVINE POEMS.

OF DIVINE LOVE.

A POEM. IN SIX CANTOS.

Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia libant ;
Sic nos Scripturae depaſcimur aurea dicta ;
Aurea! perpetua ſemper digniſſima vita! * *
Nam divinus amor cum caepit vociferari,
Diffugiunt animi terrores. * * Lucretius, lib. iii.

Exul eram, requieſque mihi, non fama, petita eſt,
Mens intenta ſuis ne foret uſque malis : * *
Namque ubi mota calent ſacra mea pectora Muſa,
Altior humano ſpiritus ille malo eſt.
Ovid. de Triſt. lib. iv. el. 1.

The Arguments.

I. ASSERTING the authority of the Scripture, in which this love is revealed.

II. The preference and love of God to man in the creation.

III. The ſame love more amply declared in our redemption.

IV. How neceſſary this love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itſelf.

V. Shewing how happy the world would be, if this love were univerſally embraced.

VI. Of preſerving this love in our memory, and how uſeful the contemplation thereof is.

CANTO I.

THE Grecian Muſe has all their gods ſurviv'd,
Nor Jove at us nor Phœbus is arriv'd ;
Frail deities! which firſt the poets made,
And then invok'd, to give their fancies aid :
Yet if they ſtill divert us with their rage,
What may be hop'd for in a better age,

When not from Helicon's imagin'd ſpring,
But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we ſing?
This with the fabric of the world begun,
Elder than light, and ſhall outlaſt the ſun.
Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
The falſe pretenders, Delphos, Ammon, fall:
Long ſince deſpis'd and ſilent, they afford
Honour and triumph to th' eternal Word.
As late philoſophy our globe has grac'd,
And rolling earth among the planets plac'd,
So has this Book entitled us to heav'n,
And rules to guide us to that manſion giv'n:
Tells the conditions how our peace was made,
And is our pledge for the great Author's aid.
His pow'r in Nature's ample book we find,
But the leſs volume does expreſs his mind.
This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught
That his bleſt gods vouchſafe us not a thought,
But unconcern'd let all below them ſlide,
As fortune does, or human wiſdom, guide.
Religion thus remov'd, the ſacred yoke,
And band of all ſociety, is broke.
What uſe of oaths, of promiſe, or of teſt,
Where men regard no God but intereſt?
What endleſs war would jealous nations tear,
If none above did witneſs what they ſwear?
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet juſt,
Among themſelves to find ſo little truſt!

Were Scripture ſilent, Nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falſehood and our ſhame.
To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
Is the firſt ſtep tow'rds being good or wiſe;
For tho' with judgment we on things reflect,
Our will determines, not our intellect.
Slaves to their paſſion, reaſon men employ
Only to compaſs what they would enjoy.
His fear to guard us from ourſelves we need,
And Sacred Writ our reaſon does exceed:
For tho' heav'n ſhews the glory of the Lord,
Yet ſomething ſhines more glorious in his Word:
His mercy this, (which all his work excels!)
His tender kindneſs and compaſſion tells:
While we inform'd by that celeſtial Book,
Into the bowels of our Maker look.
Love there reveal'd, (which never ſhall have end,
Nor had beginning) ſhall our ſong commend;
Deſcribe itſelf, and warm us with that flame
Which firſt from Heav'n, to make us happy, came.

CANTO II.

The fear of hell, or aiming to be bleſt,
Savours too much of private intereſt.
This mov'd not Moſes, nor the zealous Paul,
Who for their friends abandon'd ſoul and all:
A greater yet from heav'n to hell deſcends,
To ſave and make his enemies his friends.

What line of praiſe can fathom ſuch a love,
Which reach'd the loweſt bottom from above?
The royal prophet *, that extended grace
From heav'n to earth, meaſur'd but half that ſpace.
The law was regnant, and confin'd his thought;
Hell was not conquer'd when that poet wrote:
Heav'n was ſcarce heard of until He came down,
To make the region where love triumphs known.
That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world th' Almighty did perſuade;
For love it was that firſt created light,
Mov'd on the waters, chas'd away the night
From the rude Chaos, and beſtow'd new grace
On things diſpos'd of to their proper place:
Some to reſt here, and ſome to ſhine above;
Earth, ſea, and heav'n, were all th' effects of love.
And love would be return'd: but there was none
That to themſelves or others yet were known:
The world a palace was without a gueſt,
Till one appears that muſt excel the reſt:
One! like the Author, whoſe capacious mind
Might, by the glorious work, the Maker find;
Might meaſure heav'n, and give each ſtar a name;
With art and courage the rough ocean tame;
Over the globe with ſwelling ſails might go,
And that 'tis round by his experience know;
Make ſtrongeſt beaſts obedient to his will,
And ſerve his uſe the fertile earth to till.

* David.

When by his Word God had accompliſh'd all,
Man to create he did a council call;
Employ'd his hand, to give the duſt he took
A graceful figure and majeſtic look;
With his own breath convey'd into his breaſt
Life, and a ſoul fit to command the reſt;
Worthy alone to celebrate his name
For ſuch a gift, and tell from whence it came.
Birds ſing his praiſes in a wilder note,
But not with laſting numbers and with thought,
Man's great prerogative! but above all
His grace abounds in his new fav'rite's fall.
  If he create, it is a world he makes;
If he be angry, the creation ſhakes:
From his juſt wrath our guilty parents fled;
He curs'd the earth, but bruis'd the ſerpent's head.
Amidſt the ſtorm his bounty did exceed,
In the rich promiſe of the Virgin's ſeed:
Tho' juſtice death, as ſatisfaction, craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

CANTO III.

Not willing terror ſhould his image move;
He gives a pattern of eternal love;
His Son deſcends to treat a peace with thoſe
Which were, and muſt have ever been, his foes.
Poor he became, and left his glorious ſeat
To make us humble, and to make us great:

His bus'ness here was happiness to give
To those whose malice could not let him live.
Legions of angels, which he might have us'd,
(For us resolv'd to perish) he refus'd:
While they stood ready to prevent his loss,
Love took him up, and nail'd him to the cross.
Immortal love! which in his bowels reign'd,
That we might be by such great love constrain'd
To make return of love. Upon this pole
Our duty does, and our religion, roll.
To love is to believe, to hope, to know;
'Tis an essay, a taste of heav'n below!
He to proud potentates would not be known;
Of those that lov'd him he was hid from none.
Till love appear we live in anxious doubt;
But smoke will vanish when that flame breaks out:
This is the fire that would consume our dross,
Refine, and make us richer by the loss.
Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above.
Where love presides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind:
Both faith, and hope, and all the meaner train
Of mortal virtues, at the door remain.
Love only enters as a native there,
For, born in heav'n, it does but sojourn here.
He that alone would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others love as well as he.

Love as he lov'd!—How can we ſoar ſo high?—
He can add wings when he commands to fly.
Nor ſhould we be with this command diſmay'd;
He that examples gives will give his aid:
For he took fleſh, that where his precepts fail,
His practiſe, as a pattern, may prevail.
His love at once, and dread, inſtruct our thought;
As man he ſuffer'd, and as God he taught.
Will for the deed he takes: we may with eaſe
Obedient be, for if we love we pleaſe.
Weak tho' we are, to love is no hard taſk,
And love for love is all that Heav'n does aſk.
Love! that would all men juſt and temp'rate make,
Kind to themſelves and others for his ſake.
'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground,
Wanting this love they muſt with weeds abound,
(Unruly paſſions) whoſe effects are worſe
Than thorns and thiſtles ſpringing from the curſe.

CANTO IV.

To glory man, or miſery, is born,
Of his proud foe the envy, or the ſcorn:
Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme;
Baſe in himſelf, but great in Heav'n's eſteem:
With love, of all created things the beſt;
Without it, more pernicious than the reſt;
For greedy wolves unguarded ſheep devour
But while their hunger laſts, and then give o'er:

Man's boundlefs avarice his wants exceeds,
And on his neighbours round about him feeds.
His pride and vain ambition are fo vaft,
That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations wafte.
Debauches and excefs (tho' with lefs noife)
As great a portion of mankind deftroys.
The beafts and monfters Hercules oppreft,
Might in that age fome provinces infeft:
Thefe more deftructive monfters are the bane
Of ev'ry age, and in all nations reign;
But foon would vanifh, if the world were blefs'd
With facred love, by which they are reprefs'd.
Impendent death, and guilt that threatens hell,
Are dreadful guefts, which here with mortals dwell;
And a vex'd confcience, mingling with their joy
Thoughts of defpair does their whole life annoy;
But love appearing, all thofe terrors fly;
We live contented, and contented die.
They in whofe breaft this facred love has place,
Death as a paffage to their joy embrace.
Clouds and thick vapours, which obfcure the day,
The fun's victorious beams may chafe away:
Thofe which our life corrupt and darken, love
(The nobler ftar!) muft from the foul remove.
Spots are obferv'd in that which bounds the year;
This brighter fun moves in a boundlefs fphere,
Of heav'n the joy, the glory, and the light;
Shines among angels, and admits no night.

CANTO V.

THIS Iron Age (ſo fraudulent and bold!)
Touch'd with this love, would be an Age of Gold:
Not, as they feign'd, that oaks ſhould honey drop,
Or land neglected bear an unſown crop;
Love would make all things eaſy, ſafe, and cheap;
None for himſelf would either ſow or reap:
Our ready help and mutual love would yield
A nobler harveſt than the richeſt field.
Famine and death, confin'd to certain parts,
Extended are by barrenneſs of hearts.
Some pine for want where others ſurfeit now;
But then we ſhould the uſe of plenty know.
Love would betwixt the rich and needy ſtand,
And ſpread Heav'n's bounty with an equal hand:
At once the givers and receivers bleſs,
Increaſe their joy, and make their ſuff'ring leſs.
Who for himſelf no miracle would make,
Diſpens'd with ſev'ral for the people's ſake:
He that, long faſting, would no wonder ſhow,
Made loaves and fiſhes, as they ate them, grow.
Of all his pow'r, which boundleſs was above,
Here he us'd none but to expreſs his love;
And ſuch a love would make our joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths we feed.
Laws would be uſeleſs which rude nature awe;
Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:

Tigers and lions into dens we thruſt,
But milder creatures with their freedom truſt.
Devils are chain'd, and tremble; but the Spouſe
No force but love, nor bond but bounty, knows.
Men (whom we now ſo fierce and dang'rous ſee)
Would guardian angels to each other be:
Such wonders can this mighty love perform,
Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform!
Love what Iſaiah propheſy'd can do,
Exalt the vallies, lay the mountains low,
Humble the lofty, the dejected raiſe,
Smooth and make ſtraight our rough and crooked ways.
Love, ſtrong as death, and like it, levels all;
With that poſſeſt, the great in title fall:
Themſelves eſteem but equal to the leaſt,
Whom Heav'n with that high character has bleſt.
This love, the centre of our union, can
Alone beſtow complete repoſe on man;
Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
And foreign ſtrife among the nations ceaſe.
No martial trumpet ſhould diſturb our reſt,
Nor princes arm, tho' to ſubdue the Eaſt,
Where for the tomb ſo many heroes (taught
By thoſe that guided their devotion) fought.
Thrice-happy we, could we like ardour have
To gain his love, as they to win his grave!
Love as he lov'd! A love ſo unconfin'd,
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.

Self-love would ceaſe, or be dilated, when
We ſhould behold as many ſelfs as men;
All of one family, in blood ally'd,
His precious blood, that for our ranſom dy'd!

CANTO VI.

Tho' the creation (ſo divinely taught!)
Prints ſuch a lively image on our thought,
That the firſt ſpark of new-created light,
From Chaos ſtrook, affects our preſent ſight,
Yet the firſt Chriſtians did eſteem more bleſt
The day of riſing than the day of reſt,
That ev'ry week might new occaſion give
To make his triumph in their mem'ry live.
Then let our Muſe compoſe a ſacred charm
To keep his blood among us ever warm,
And ſinging as the bleſſed do above,
With our laſt breath dilate this flame of love.
But on ſo vaſt a ſubject who can find
Words that may reach th' ideas of his mind?
Our language fails; or, if it could ſupply,
What mortal thought can raiſe itſelf ſo high?
Deſpairing here, we might abandon art,
And only hope to have it in our heart.
But tho' we find this ſacred taſk too hard,
Yet the deſign, th' endeavour, brings reward.
The contemplation does ſuſpend our woe,
And makes a truce with all the ills we know.

Aſs Saul's afflicted ſpirit from the ſound
Of David's harp a preſent ſolace found;
So on this theme while we our Muſe engage,
No wounds are felt of Fortune or of Age.
On Divine Love to meditate is peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to ceaſe.
  Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
A boundleſs Pow'r ſo infinitely kind,
The ſoul contending to that light to flee
From her dark cell, we practiſe how to die;
Employing thus the poet's winged art,
To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy ſo complete, ſo ſolid, and ſevere,
Would leave no place for meaner pleaſures there;
Pale they would look, as ſtars that muſt be gone,
When from the Eaſt the riſing ſun comes on.

R OF GOD.

IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO I.

THE fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace,
And makes all ills that vex us here to ceaſe.
Tho' the word Fear, ſome men may ill endure,
'Tis ſuch a fear as only makes ſecure.
Aſk of no angel to reveal thy fate;
Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy ſtate.
He that invites will not th' invited mock,
Op'ning to all that do in earneſt knock.
Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;
All our aſſurance rolls upon that ſphere.
This fear, that drives all other fears away,
Shall be my ſong the morning of our day!
Where that fear is there's nothing to be fear'd:
It brings from heav'n an angel for a guard.
Tranquillity and peace this fear does give;
Hell gapes for thoſe that do without it live.
It is a beam which he on man lets fall
Of light, by which he made and governs all.
'Tis God alone ſhould not offended be;
But we pleaſe others, as more great than he.
For a good cauſe the ſufferings of man
May well be borne: 'tis more than angels can.
Man, ſince his fall, in no mean ſtation reſts,
Above the angels, or below the beaſts

He with true joy their he
That thirſt and hunger to perf will.
Others, tho' rich, ſhall in this world be vext,
And ſadly live, in terror of the next.
The world's great conqu'ror * would his point purſue,
And wept becauſe he could not find a new;
Which had he done, yet ſtill he would have cry'd,
To make him work until a third he ſpy'd.
Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
To Heav'n itſelf, unleſs it make them grow.
Tho' richly fed, man's care does ſtill exceed;
Has but one mouth, yet would a thouſand feed.
In wealth and honour, by ſuch men poſſeſt,
If it increaſe not, there is found no reſt.
All their delight is while their wiſh comes in;
Sad when it ſtops, as there had nothing been.
'Tis ſtrange men ſhould neglect their preſent ſtore,
And take no joy but in purſuing more;
No! tho' arriv'd at all the world can aim;
This is the mark and glory of our frame.
A ſoul capacious of the Deity,
Nothing but he that made can ſatisfy.
A thouſand worlds, if we with him compare,
Leſs than ſo many drops of water are.
Men take no pleaſure but in new deſigns;
And what they hope for what they have outſhines.
Our ſheep and oxen ſeem no more to crave,
With full content feeding on what they have;

* Alexander.

Vex not themſelves for an increaſe of ſtore,
But think to-morrow we ſhall give them more.
What we from day to day receive from Heav'n,
They do from us expect it ſhould be giv'n.
We made them not, yet they on us rely,
More than vain men upon the Deity;
More beaſts than they! that will not underſtand
That we are fed from his immediate hand.
Man, that in him has being, moves, and lives,
What can he have or uſe but what he gives?
So that no bread can nouriſhment afford,
Or uſeful be, without his Sacred Word.

CANTO II.

EARTH praiſes conquerors for ſhedding blood,
Heav'n thoſe that love their foes, and do them good.
It is terreſtrial honour to be crown'd
For ſtrowing men, like ruſhes, on the ground.
True glory 'tis to riſe above them all,
Without the advantage taken by their fall.
He that in fight diminiſhes mankind,
Does no addition to his ſtature find;
But he that does a noble nature ſhow,
Obliging others, ſtill does higher grow:
For virtue practis'd ſuch an habit gives,
That among men he like an angel lives:
Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell,
Lov'd and admir'd by thoſe he does excel.

Fools anger ſhew, which politicians hide;
Bleſt with this fear, men let it not abide.
The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong:
Nor ſees he reaſon why he ſhould engage,
Or vex his ſpirit, for another's rage.
Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities, toſt
On raging waves, and in the tempeſt loſt.
The rolling planets, and the glorious ſun,
Still keep that order which they firſt begun:
They their firſt leſſon conſtantly repeat,
Which their Creator as a law did ſet.
Above, below, exactly all obey;
But wretched men have found another way:
Knowledge of good and evil, as at firſt,
(That vain perſuaſion!) keeps them ſtill accurſt!
The Sacred Word refuſing as a guide,
Slaves they become to luxury and pride.
As clocks, remaining in the ſkilful hand
Of ſome great maſter, at the figure ſtand,
But when abroad, neglected they do go,
At random ſtrike, and the falſe hour do ſhow;
So from our Maker wandering, we ſtray,
Like birds that know not to their neſts the way.
In him we dwelt before our exile here,
And may, returning, find contentment there:
True joy may find, perfection of delight,
Behold his face, and ſhun eternal night.

Silence, my Muſe! make not theſe jewels cheap,
Expoſing to the world too large an heap.
Of all we read the Sacred Writ is beſt,
Where great truths are in feweſt words expreſt.
Wreſtling with death, theſe lines I did indite;
No other theme could give my ſoul delight.
O that my youth had thus employ'd my pen!
Or that I now could write as well as then!
But 'tis of grace if ſickneſs, age, and pain,
Are felt as throes, when we are born again:
Timely they come to wean us from this earth,
As pangs that wait upon a ſecond birth.

OF DIVINE POESY.

TWO CANTOS.

Occaſioned upon ſight of the fifty-third chapter of Iſaiah turned into verſe by Mrs. Wharton.

CANTO I.

Poets we prize, when in their verſe we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind.
Angles have been inquiſitive to know
The ſecret which this oracle does ſhow.
What was to come Iſaiah did declare,
Which ſhe deſcribes as if ſhe had been there;
Had ſeen the wounds, which to the reader's view
She draws ſo lively, that they bleed a-new.
As ivy thrives which on the oak takes hold,
So with the Prophet's may her lines grow old!
If they ſhould die, who can the world forgive,
(Such pious lines!) when wanton Sappho's live?
Who with his breath his image did inſpire,
Expects it ſhould foment a nobler fire:
Not love which brutes as well as men may know;
But love like his to whom that breath we owe.
Verſe ſo deſign'd, on that high ſubject wrote,
Is the perfection of an ardent thought;
The ſmoke which we from burning incenſe raiſe,
When we complete the ſacrifice of praiſe.

In boundlefs verfe the fancy foars too high
For any object but the Deity.
What mortal can with Heav'n pretend to fhare
In the fuperlatives of wife and fair?
A meaner fubject when with thefe we grace,
A giant's habit on a dwarf we place.
Sacred fhould be the product of our Mufe,
Like that fweet oil, above all private ufe,
On pain of death forbidden to be made,
But when it fhould be on the altar laid.
Verfe fhews a rich ineftimable vein,
When dropp'd from heav'n 'tis thither fent again.
Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praife,
Which does not him, but us that yield it, raife:
For as that angel up to heav'n did rife,
Borne on the flame of Manoah's facrifice;
So, wing'd with praife, we penetrate the fky,
Teach clouds and ftars to praife him as we fly;
The whole creation, (by our fall made groan!)
His praife to echo, and fufpend their moan.
For that he reigns all creatures fhould rejoice,
And we with fongs fupply their want of voice.
The church triumphant, and the church below,
In fongs of praife their prefent union fhow:
Their joys are full; our expectation long;
In life we differ, but we join in fong.
Angels and we, affifted by this art,
May fing together, tho' we dwell a-part.

Thus we reach heav'n, while vainer poems muſt
No higher riſe than winds may lift the duſt.
From that they ſpring; this from his breath that gave,
To the firſt duſt, th' immortal ſoul we have.
His praiſe well ſung, (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the duſt, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

He that did firſt this way of writing grace *,
Convers'd with the Almighty face to face:
Wonders he did in ſacred verſe unfold,
When he had more than eighty winters told.
The writer feels no dire effect of age,
Nor verſe, that flows from ſo divine a rage.
Eldeſt of poets, he beheld the light,
When firſt it triumph'd o'er eternal night:
Chaos he ſaw, and could diſtinctly tell
How that confuſion into order fell.
As if conſulted with, he has expreſt
The work of the Creator, and his reſt;
How the flood drown'd the firſt offending race,
Which might the figure of our globe deface.
For new-made earth, ſo even and ſo fair,
Leſs equal now, uncertain makes the air;
Surpris'd with heat and unexpected cold,
Early diſtempers make our youth look old:
Our days ſo evil, and ſo few, may tell
That on the ruins of that world we dwell.

* Moſes.

Strong as the oaks that nouriſh'd them, and high,
That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,
Neglecting Heav'n; but we of ſhorter date!
Should be more mindful of impendent fate.
To worms that crawl upon this rubbiſh here,
This ſpan of life may yet too long appear:
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a nobler ſeat.
Which well obſerving, he, in numerous lines,
Taught wretched man how faſt his life declines:
In whom he dwelt before the world was made,
And may again retire when that ſhall fade.
The laſting Iliads have not liv'd ſo long
As his and Deborah's triumphant ſong.
Delphos unknown, no Muſe could them inſpire
But that which governs the celeſtial choir.
Heav'n to the pious did this art reveal,
And from their ſtore ſucceeding poets ſteal.
Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,
And ſwell'd ſo high, by her old Kiſhon taught,
His river ſcarce could fierce Achilles ſtay;
Her's, more ſucceſsful, ſwept her foes away.
The hoſt of heaven, his Phœbus and his Mars,
He arms, inſtructed by her fighting ſtars.
She led them all againſt the common foe;
But he (miſled by what he ſaw below!)
The pow'rs above, like wretched men, divides,
And breaks their union into diff'rent ſides.

The nobleſt parts which in his heroes ſhine,
May be but copies of that heroine.
Homer himſelf, and Agamemnon, ſhe
The writer could, and the commander, be.
Truth ſhe relates in a ſublimer ſtrain,
Than all the tales the boldeſt Greeks could feign;
For what ſhe ſung that ſpirit did indite,
Which gave her courage and ſucceſs in fight.
A double garland crowns the matchleſs dame;
From Heav'n her poem and her conqueſt came.
Tho' of the Jews ſhe merit moſt eſteem,
Yet here the Chriſtian has the greater theme:
Her martial ſong deſcribes how Sis'ra fell;
This ſings our triumph over death and hell.
The riſing light employ'd the ſacred breath
Of the bleſt Virgin and Eliſabeth.
In ſongs of joy the angels ſung his birth:
Here how he treated was upon the earth
Trembling we read! th' affliction and the ſcorn,
Which for our guilt ſo patiently was borne!
Conception, birth, and ſuff'ring, all belong,
(Tho' various parts) to one celeſtial ſong;
And ſhe, well uſing ſo divine an art,
Has in this conſort ſung the tragic part.
As Hannah's ſeed was vow'd to ſacred uſe,
So here this lady conſecrates her Muſe.
With like reward may Heav'n her bed adorn,
With fruit as fair as by her Muſe is born!

ON THE

PARAPHRASE ON THE LORD'S PRAYER

WRITTEN BY MRS. WHARTON.

Silence, you Winds! liſten, ethereal Lights!
While our Urania ſings what Heav'n indites:
The numbers are the nymph's; but from above
Deſcends the pledge of that eternal love.
Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
But are inſtructed to approach his throne;
And how can he to miſerable men
Deny requeſts which his own hand did pen?
In the Evangeliſts we find the proſe
Which, paraphras'd by her, a poem grows;
A devout rapture! ſo divine a hymn,
It may become the higheſt ſeraphim!
For they, like her, in that celeſtial choir,
Sing only what the ſpirit does inſpire.
Taught by our Lord and theirs, with us they may
For all but pardon for offences pray.

SOME REFLECTIONS OF HIS

upon the ſeveral

PETITIONS IN THE SAME PRAYER.

I. His ſacred name with reverence profound
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the ſound!
It was Jehovah; 'tis Our Father now;
So low to us does Heav'n vouchſafe to bow *!
He brought it down that taught us how to pray,
And did ſo dearly for our ranſom pay.

II. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,
Unleſs he does in our affections reign.
Abſurd it were to wiſh for ſuch a King,
And not obedience to his ſceptre bring,
Whoſe yoke is eaſy, and his burthen light,
His ſervice freedom, and his judgments right.

III. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done;
But, as in heav'n, it muſt be made our own.
His will ſhould all our inclinations ſway,
Whom Nature and the univerſe obey.
Happy the man! whoſe wiſhes are confin'd
To what has been eternally deſign'd;
Referring all to his paternal care,
To whom more dear than to ourſelves we are.

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup:

* Pſalm xviii. 9.

Like new-born babes depending on the breaſt,
From day to day we on his bounty feaſt:
Nor ſhould the ſoul expect above a day
To dwell in her frail tenement of clay:
The ſetting ſun ſhould ſeem to bound our race,
And the new day a gift of ſpecial grace.
V. *That he ſhould all our treſpaſſes forgive,*
While we in hatred with our neighbours live:
Tho' ſo to pray may ſeem an eaſy taſk,
We curſe ourſelves when thus inclin'd we aſk.
This pray'r to uſe, we ought with equal care
Our ſouls, as to the ſacrament, prepare.
The nobleſt worſhip of the Pow'r above,
Is to extol and imitate his love;
Not to forgive our enemies alone,
But uſe our bounty that they may be won.
VI. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe;*
And thoſe we may in ſeveral ſtations know:
The rich and poor in ſlipp'ry places ſtand.
Give us enough! but with a ſparing hand!
Not ill-perſuading want, nor wanton wealth,
But what proportion'd is to life and health:
For not the dead but living ſing thy praiſe,
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raiſe.

Favete linguis! . . . .
Virginibus puerisque canto. Hor.

ON THE FOREGOING DIVINE POEMS.

When we for age could neither read nor write,
The ſubject made us able to indite:
The ſoul, with nobler reſolutions deckt,
The body ſtooping, does herſelf erect.
No mortal parts are requiſite to raiſe
Her that, unbody'd, can her Maker praiſe.
  The ſeas are quiet when the winds give o'er:
So, calm are we when paſſions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boaſt
Of fleeting things, ſo certain to be loſt.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptineſs which age deſcries.
  The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakneſs, wiſer men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That ſtand upon the threſhold of the new.

* * * * Miratur limen Olympi. Virg.

OBSERVATIONS *.

One of our most celebrated writers, both for learning and language, has defined satire and invective to be the easiest kind of wit, because almost any degree of it will serve to abuse and find fault: "for wit, "(says he) is a keen instrument, and every one can "cut and gash with it; but to carve a beautiful image, "and polish it, requires great art and dexterity. To "praise any thing well is an argument of much more "wit than to abuse. A little wit, and a great deal of "ill-nature, will furnish a man for satire; but the "greatest instance of wit is to commend well. And, "perhaps, the best things are the hardest to be duly "commended; for though there be a great deal of "matter to work upon, yet there is great judgment "required to make choice; and where the subject is "great and excellent, it is hard not to sink below "the dignity of it." Whether or not Dr. Tillotson had Mr. Waller in his thoughts when he was giving this description of wit, it is evident that he has, in the liveliest colours, delineated the character of his genius and writings. And since it was his principal intention to recommend, with all the ornaments of poetry, the brightest examples of his own age to the imitation of all that should succeed; and even desired that every verse might be expunged which did not

* Excerpted from Mr. Fenton's Quarto edition of 1729.

imply ſome motive to virtue, I believe it will be ſerviceable to many of his admirers, in a few curſory Remarks, to give an account of the occaſions on which ſome of his poems were written, and the characters of the perſons to whom others were addreſſed; many of which, at the diſtance of an hundred years, muſt be grown obſcure to moſt of his readers. Nor ſhall I be much concerned at the cenſure of thoſe who may think I have beſtowed too much pains on a modern poet of our own nation, before I am convinced that we owe leſs to the memory of Mr. Waller, than Italy and France have long ſince paid to their Petrarch and Malherbe; the former of whom is ſaid to have employed as many commentators as even Virgil himſelf; and not only the learned Menage, but all the French Academy, thought the latter highly deſerved their conſideration.

VOL. I.

MISCELLANIES.

Of the danger his Majeſty (being Prince) eſcaped in the road at St. Andero, p. 57.

THIS poem may ſerve as a model for thoſe who intend to ſucceed in panegyric, in which our Author illuſtrates a plain hiſtorical fact with all the graces of poetical fiction; as will appear by comparing it with

the ſubject, as the writers of that age have left it recorded. Prince Charles having ſpent about ſix months at Madrid in ſoliciting a marriage with the Infanta of Spain, was at length diſguſted with the affected delays which he met with in that court, and reſolved on returning to England. The royal navy, under the command of the Earl of Rutland, being arrived in the Bay of Biſcay, at the port of St. Andero, he was attended from Madrid by the Cardinal Zapata, the Marquis Aytone, the Earls of Gondemar, Monterie, Baraias, and other grandees, whom the Prince entertained magnificently on ſhipboard; but in carrying them back to ſhore, a tempeſt overtook them with ſo much fury, that they could neither reach land nor regain the fleet; and night coming on when the rowers were fainting with toil, their horror was almoſt increaſed to deſpair. In this calamity they yielded themſelves to the mercy of the ſeas, till, at laſt, they ſpied a light in a ſhip, near to which the ſtorm had driven them, on which, not without much danger of being daſhed to pieces, they were ſafely received; and when the tempeſt abated, his Highneſs returned to the Admiral, and arrived at Portſmouth on the 5th of October 1623, when (as our Engliſh Cicero expreſſeth it) the whole nation ſeemed for joy to go out beyond its own ſhores to meet him. This adventure happened in the eighteenth year of Mr. Waller's age; by which it appears that he began to write only twenty-

five years after the death of Spenser, of whom I shall say something more in the course of these Observations.

Of his Majesty's receiving the news of the Duke of Buckingham's death, p. 63.

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was a person whom Nature seemed to have solicitously intended for a court, and Fortune was equally industrious to accomplish her intentions. At his first appearance there he was received with the smile of K. James I. who, from the station of a private gentleman, in a few years advanced him to all the dignities that even himself could desire; and no other person was employed in any eminent post, who did not owe their rise to, or their dependence entirely upon, him. By a singular felicity he preserved and improved the same interest with K. Charles I.; so that the crown of England, upon whatever head it shone, seemed to have been destined to reflect a lustre on his fortune. In this career of prosperity he gave the rein to many criminal passions, and thought nothing unlawful that could gratify his lust, his ambition, or his revenge, which precipitated him into many unpopular and unjustifiable actions, by which, at length, he became odious to the nation; till Providence suffered him to be cut off in the full strength and verdure of his age (for he had not exceeded the thirty-sixth year) by the vulgar

hand of a melancholic assassin. The person was one Lieut. Felton, who apprehended himself injured by the Duke, who, upon the vacancy of a captain's commission, had placed another in that post, to which Felton thought that his services entitled him. Accordingly, to accomplish his revenge, when the Duke was at Portsmouth, ready to embark on board the fleet that was to relieve Rochelle, the Lieutenant pursued him thither, where waiting an opportunity to perpetrate his horrid design, at the first that offered itself he stabbed him to the heart; the court being then at Southwick, the seat of Sir Daniel Norton, about five miles distant from the scene where this tragedy was acted. The King's behaviour on this occasion is the subject of Mr. Waller's poem. The Duke having been murdered on the 23d of August 1628, it is evident that Mr. Waller wrote this poem *anno ætat.* 23.

On the taking of Salle, p. 65.

SALLE is a city in the province of Fez, and derives its name from the river Sala, on which it is situated, near its influx into the Atlantic ocean. It was a place of good commerce, till addicting itself entirely to piracy, and revolting from its allegiance to the Emperor of Morocco, in the year 1632 he sent an embassy to King Charles, desiring him to send a squadron of men of war to lie before the town whilst he attacked

it by land; which the King consenting to, the city was soon reduced, the fortifications demolished, and the leaders of the rebellion put to death. The year following the Emperor sent another ambassador with a present of fine Barbary horses, and three hundred Christian slaves; at the same time desiring his Majesty, that "since it had pleased God to be so auspi-"cious to their beginning, in the conquest of Salle, "they might join and succeed, with hope of like suc-"cess, in war against Tunis, Algier, and other pla-"ces, dens and receptacles for the inhuman villanies "of those that abhor rule and government." From "whence it appears that Mr. Waller wrote this poem *anno ætat.* 28.

Puerperium, p. 73.

As far as we are able to guess, at this distance, Mr. Waller seems to have written this poem in the year 1640, *anno ætat.* 35, before the Queen was delivered, at Oatlands, of her fourth son, Henry Duke of Gloucester, while the Scots were marching into England.

The Countess of Carlisle in mourning, p. 74.

To form a just idea of the person whose death occasioned the writing of these verses, it will be necessary to peruse his character, as it is drawn by the Earl of

Clarendon, whom on all occasions I ſhall employ to ſet Mr. Waller's Poems in a clearer light; and I preſume, if Thucydides and Livy could have been made as ſerviceable in illuſtrating the Greek and Roman Claſſics, the world would never have accuſed their editors of being too ſparing of their own ſpeculations.

"He was a younger brother of a noble family in "Scotland, and came into the kingdom with King "James, as a gentleman, under no other character than "a perſon well qualified by his breeding in France, "and by ſtudy in human learning, in which he bore "a good part in the entertainment of the King, who "much delighted in that exerciſe; and by theſe means, "and notable gracefulneſs in his behaviour, and affability, in which he excelled, he had wrought him-"ſelf into a particular intereſt with his maſter, and "into greater affection and eſteem with the whole "Engliſh nation, than any other of that country, "by chuſing their friendſhips and converſation, and "really preferring it to any of his own; inſomuch "as, upon the King's making him Gentleman of his "Bedchamber, and Viſcount Doncaſter, by his royal "mediation (in which office he was a moſt prevalent "prince) he obtained the ſole daughter and heir of "the Lord Denny to be given him in marriage; by "which he had a fair fortune in land provided for "any iſſue he ſhould raiſe, and which his ſon, by this "lady, lived long to enjoy. He aſcended, afterwards,

" and with the expedition he desired, to the other
" conveniencies of the court. He was Groom of the
" Stole, and an Earl, and Knight of the Garter; and
" married a beautiful young lady, daughter to the
" Earl of Northumberland, without any other appro-
" bation of her father, or concernment in it, than
" suffering him and her to come into his presence af-
" ter they were married. He lived rather in a fair in-
" telligence than any friendship with the favourites,
" having credit enough with his master to provide for
" his own interest, and he troubled not himself for
" that of other men; and had no other consideration
" of money than for the support of his lustre; and
" whilst he could do that he cared not for money,
" having no bowels in the point of running in debt,
" or borrowing all he could. He was surely a man of
" the greatest expense, in his own person, of any in the
" age he lived, and introduced more of that expense,
" in the excess of clothes and diet, than any other
" man; and was indeed the original of all those in-
" ventions from which others did but transcribe co-
" pies. He had a great universal understanding, and
" could have taken as much delight in any other way,
" if he had thought any other as pleasant, and worth
" his care; but he found business was attended with
" more rivals and vexations, and, he thought, with
" much less pleasure, and not more innocence. He
" left behind him the reputation of a very fine gen-

"tlen , and a most accomplished courtier; and after "having spent, in a very jovial life, above 400,000 *l.* "which, upon a strict computation, he received from "the crown, he left not a house nor acre of land to be "remembered by. And when he had in his prospect "(for he was very sharp-sighted, and saw as far be-"fore him as most men) the gathering together of "that cloud in Scotland, which shortly after cover-"ed both kingdoms, he died with as much tranquil-"lity of mind, to all appearance, as used to attend a "man of more severe exercise of virtue, and with as "little apprehension of death, which he expected "many days."

His expensive luxury has been just now mentioned in the Earl of Clarendon's character, to which I will add what is recorded by Osborn, who was likewise his contemporary. "The Earl of Carlisle," says he, "was one of the quorum that brought in the va-"nity of ante-suppers, not heard of in our forefa-"thers' time, and, for ought I have read, or at least "remember, unpractised by the most luxurious ty-"rants; the manner of which was, to have the board "covered at the first entrance of the guests with dishes "as high as a tall man could well reach, filled with "the choicest and dearest viands sea or land could "afford: and all this once seen, and having feasted "the eyes of the invited, was in a manner thrown "away, and fresh set on to the same height, having

" only this advantage of the other, that it was hot. " I cannot forget one of the attendants of the King " that, at a feaſt made by this monſter in exceſs, ate, " to his ſingle ſhare, a whole pie, reckoned to my Lord " at 10*l.* another writer ſays at 20*l.*" * * * What follows is too coarſe to be tranſcribed, till he comes to tell us * * * " When the moſt able phyſicians, and the " Earl's own weakneſs, had paſſed judgment he could " not live many days, he did not forbear his entertain- " ments, but made divers brave clothes (as he ſaid) " to outface naked and deſpicable Death withal; " blaſpheming God ſo far in the perſon of his hand- " maid Nature, as to ſay ſhe wanted wiſdom, love, " or power, in making man mortal, and ſubject to " diſeaſes; forgetting that if every individual his " own luſt had been able to have produced ſhould " have proſecuted an equal exceſs with his, they " would, in a far leſs time than an age, have brought " themſelves or the world into the ſame diſeaſe he " died of, which was a conſumption."

In anſwer to one who writ a libel againſt the Counteſs of Carliſle, p. 76.

The title of this poem is ſupplied from the table to the firſt edition: the beginning of it refers to a paſſage in the fifth Iliad, where Homer introduceth Pallas inſpiriting Diomede to wound Venus, when ſhe was reſcuing her ſon Æneas from imminent danger in a combat.

On my Lady Dorothy Sidney's picture, p. 78.

Robert Sidney, the second of that name who succeeded to the Earldom of Leicester, married the Lady Dorothy Percy, sister to the celebrated Countess of Carlisle, by whom he had a numerous issue. Of eight daughters, the Lady Dorothy, whom Mr. Waller has made immortal in his Poems, was the first-born; but when or where she was born I have not been able to discover, no mention being made of her name in the register at Penshurst: so that, like the Grecian Venus, (whom the Muses, I think, never pretended to have seen in her cradle) she appears at once in the full bloom and lustre of beauty, to receive the hymns of her adorers.

Non licuit populis parvam te, Diva, videre.

In the year 1639 she was married to Henry Lord Spenser, created Earl of Sunderland by K. Charles I. in whose cause, a little more than four years after his marriage, he was slain at the battle of Newbury, before he had completed the twenty-third year of his age. "A lord of great fortune, and early judgment! "who having no command in the army, attended "upon the King's person under the obligation of "honour; and putting himself, that day, (Sept, 20. "1643) in the King's troop a volunteer, before they "came to charge was taken away by a cannon ballet."

By this lady he left three children, only one of which was a ſon, from whom the preſent Earl of Sunderland is lineally deſcended; and having ſurvived her lord about forty years, ſhe was buried in the ſame vault with him, at Brinton in Northamptonſhire, on the 25th of February 1683.

Such was Philoclea, and ſuch Dorus' flame!] This verſe is reſtored to its native purity from the edition that was printed in the year 1645.

At Penſhurſt, p. 79.

THE name of this ſeat denotes its ſituation to be in a woody country, which is the extremity of the Wealde of Kent, to which Mr. Waller has alluded:

> Embroider'd ſo with flowers where ſhe ſtood,
> That it became a garden of a wood.

In the reign of K. Edward VI. it was forfeited to the crown by its former proprietor, and granted by that Prince to Sir William Sidney, Lord Chamberlain of his Houſehold.

Had Dorothea liv'd, &c.] This verſe is printed as it ſtands in the old edition; by which the poem appears to have been written before Mr. Waller had determined to celebrate this lady under the name of Sachariſſa, a name which recalls to mind what is related of the Turks, who, in their gallantries, think *ſucar birpara*, *i. e.* bit of ſugar, to be the moſt polite and endearing compliment they can uſe to the ladies.

The story of Phœbus and Daphne applied, p. 84.

THE paſſion of Apollo for Daphne is related by Ovid, in the firſt book of his Metamorphoſes, the application of which has produced one of the moſt beautiful poems in our own or any other modern language. Yet I cannot think Mr. Waller was ſo peculiarly fond of it as likewiſe to be author of the following verſion, but rather give credit to a memorandum which I once found in the margin of an old edition, which affirmed that Sir John Suckling tranſlated it into Latin.

So in thoſe nations which the ſun adore, &c.] This ſimile is reſtored from the edition that was printed in the year 1645, in all others it is omitted.

Upon the death of my Lady Rich, p. 90.

IN all Mr. Waller's collection of beauties, no one appears more amiable in all lights than ſhe whoſe untimely death is deplored in this excellent elegy. She was the Lady Anne Cavendiſh, ſole daughter of William Earl of Devonſhire, and was married to the heir of that Earl of Warwick whoſe character will be recited in thoſe Obſervations; by whom ſhe left only one ſon, who, long after her death, married Cromwell's youngeſt daughter. An alliance which, had ſhe lived, ſhe would no doubt have endeavoured to prevent, as it was moſt cordially deteſted by all her own loyal

relations. Before ſhe had completed the twenty-ſeventh year of her age, ſhe died at Lees, and was buried at Felſted in Eſſex, in the year 1638; ſo that we may conclude Mr. Waller wrote this poem *anno ætat.* 33. A lady! whoſe accompliſhments were in every kind ſo extraordinary, that they ſeem to have tranſcended even his genius to delineate them as they deſerved: and therefore I will add another deſcription of her perſon, from which, when we have formed an idea of conſummate beauty and virtue, and applied it to my Lady Rich, we ſhall not flatter her memory. The verſes were written by Mr. Sidney Godolphin, a young gentleman of extraordinary parts, who, in an engagement with the rebels in the weſt, was ſlain at Chagford, a little town in the ſouth of Devon, leaving the misfortune of his death upon a place which could never otherwiſe have had a mention to the world.

Poſſeſs'd of all that Nature could beſtow,
All we can wiſh to be, or reach to know;
Equal to all the patterns which our mind
Can frame of good beyond the good we find;
All beauties which have pow'r to bleſs the ſight,
Mix'd with tranſparent virtue's greater light;
At once producing love and reverence,
The admiration of the ſoul and ſenſe;
The moſt diſcerning thoughts, the calmeſt breaſt,
Moſt apt to pardon, needing pardon leaſt;
The largeſt mind, and which did moſt extend
To all the laws of daughter, wife, and friend;
The moſt allow'd example, by what line
To live, what path to follow, what decline;

Who beſt all diſtant virtues reconcil'd,
Strict, cheerful, humble, great, ſevere, and mild;
Conſtantly pious to her lateſt breath,
Not more a pattern in her life than death;
The Lady Rich lies here. More frequent tears
Have never honour'd any tomb than her's.

Save that ſhe grac'd, &c.] In all the editions it is printed *you grac'd*, as directed to Sachariſſa; but I doubt not of the verſe being originally written as it is here reſtored; for the Lady Dorothy Sidney was not married till about a year after this poem was compoſed, and, conſequently, a faultleſs wife could be then no part of her character.

Of Mrs. Arden, p. 97.

I SUPPOSE ſhe was either a Maid of Honour, or a Gentlewoman of the Bedchamber, to K. Charles I.'s Queen, and the ſame who is mentioned in the liſt of Court ladies who acted Mr. Montague's Shepherd's Paradiſe, which is deſervedly ridiculed by Sir John Suckling in his Seſſion of the Poets.

Of the marriage of the Dwarfs, p. 98.

THE perſons on whom theſe verſes were written, were Mr. Richard Gibſon, a favourite Page of the Backſtairs, and Mrs. Anne Shepherd, whoſe marriage King Charles I. honoured with his preſence, and gave the

bride. I have seen both of them painted by Sir Peter Lely, and they appeared to have been of an equal stature, each of them measuring three feet ten inches. They had nine children, five of which attained to maturity, and were well proportioned to the usual standard of mankind. Mr. Gibson's genius led him to painting, in the rudiments of which art he was instructed by De Clein, master of the tapestry works at Mortlack, and famous for the cuts which he designed for some of Ogilby's things, and Mr. Sandys's excellent translation of Ovid. His paintings in water colours were well esteemed; but the copies which he made of Lely's portraits gained him the greatest reputation. He had the honour to be employed in teaching her late Majesty Queen Anne the art of drawing, and was sent for into Holland to instruct her sister the Princess of Orange. To recompense the shortness of their stature, Nature gave them an equivalent in length of days, for he died in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and his wife, having survived him almost twenty years, deceased *anno Dom.* 1709, *ætat.* 89.

Thyrsis, Galatea, p. 107.

The person who is the subject of this poem was the Lady Mary Fielding, daughter to the Earl of Denbeigh, by a sister of the favourite Duke of Buckingham. She was contracted to the Duke of Hamilton

when ſhe was but ſeven years of age, and in the Memoirs of her lord, written by Burnet, we have her character at large: an author whom I quote the more willingly on this occaſion, preſuming his veracity may paſs uncenſured, now he happens to ſpeak well of the dead.

" She waas lady of great and ſingular worth, and " her perſon was noble and graceful, like the hand- " ſome race of the Villiers's; but, to ſuch as knew " her well, the virtues of her mind were far more " ſhining. She was educated from a child in the court, " and eſteemed and honoured by all in it, and by " none more than the late King, (Charles I.) who, as " he was one of the chaſteſt men, not to ſay princes, " ſo he was a perfect honourer of all virtuous ladies. " She was lady of the Queen's Bed-chamber, and ad- " mitted by her Majeſty into an intire confidence and " friendſhip; and not only was her honour unſtained, " but even her fame continued untouched with ca- " lumny, ſhe being ſo ſtrict to the ſevereſt rules as " never to admit of thoſe follies which paſs in that " ſtyle for gallantry. She was a moſt affectionate and " dutiful wife; and uſed to ſay, " ſhe had the greateſt " reaſon to bleſs God for having given her ſuch a huſ- " band, whom, as ſhe loved perfectly, ſo ſhe was not " aſhamed to obey." But that which crowned all her " other perfections, was the deep ſenſe ſhe had of " religion. She lived and died in the communion of

" the Church of England, and was a very devout per-
" ſon. Many years before her death ſhe was ſo exact
" in obſerving her retirements to her cloſet, that, not-
" withſtanding all her avocations, and the divertiſe-
" ments of the court, (as the writer was informed by
" one who lived with her) no day paſſed over her
" without beſtowing large portions of her time on
" them, beſides her conſtant attendance on the Cha-
" pel. She bore firſt three daughters, and then three
" ſons. Her daughters were Lady Mary, Lady Anne,
" and Lady Suſanna; her ſons were Charles, James,
" and William, but all her ſons, and her eldeſt daugh-
" ter, died young. A year before ſhe died ſhe languiſh-
" ed, which ended in a conſumption, of which, after
" a few months' ſickneſs, ſhe died; ſo that ſhe prepa-
" red for death timeouſly. About a month before her
" death ſhe called for her children, and gave them
" her laſt bleſſings and embraces, ordering them to
" be brought no more near her, leſt the ſight of them
" might have kindled too much tenderneſs in her
" heart, which ſhe was then ſtudying to raiſe above
" all created objects, and fix where ſhe was ſhortly to
" be admitted. She died the 10th of May 1638, and
" left her lord a moſt ſad and afflicted perſon; and
" though his ſpirit was too great to ſink under any
" burthen, yet all his life after he remembered her
" with much tender affection. She died, indeed, in a
" good time for her own repoſe, when her lord was

"beginning to engage in the affairs of Scotland, "which proved ſo fatal both to his quiet and life." * * * From the date of her death, it appears that Mr. Waller wrote this poem *anno ætat.* 33.

Upon Ben. Johnſon, p. 111.

WHATEVER tradition hath preſerved relating to thoſe writers who are celebrated by Mr. Waller, has been ſo often repeated in the Lives of the Engliſh Poets, or mentioned in the *Athenæ Oxonienſes*, that it would be ſuperfluous to tranſcribe what really would yield but ſmall entertainment to the reader; and therefore I ſhall paſs all, or moſt of them, over in ſilence, till I come to ſpeak of my Lord Roſcommon, of whom, I think, I am enabled to give a fuller account than has hitherto appeared; and at preſent will only make this general obſervation on Mr. Waller's commendatory verſes, that they are to be eſteemed as the pure effects of candour and friendſhip; in many of which he ſeems, like a good-natured magiſtrate, to have been prevailed upon, by the innocent poverty of the books which he commends, to give them a paſſport for preſent ſubſiſtence, in their journey to the land where all things are forgotten.

Of a war with Spain, and fight at ſea, p. 128.

MR. Waller's principal aim in this poem is to recommend the Protector to the reverence of the nation

under the title of King, which the Ufurper ambitioufly affected: but finding that the fame evil fpirit which he had artfully conjured up againft his lawful fovereign ftill poffeffed the Houfe of Commons to preplex his own affairs, he projected the fcheme of engaging in a war with Spain, to be enabled, by foreign fpoil, to eftablifh his government in what form, and under what denomination, he pleafed, without depending on parliamentary counfel or fupplies. With this view he concluded a peace with France againft Spain, which is cenfured by Ludlow, Wellwood, and others, for the falfeft ftep he ever made, and the moft fatal to the tranquillity of Europe. However, his own hopes were fufficiently anfwered by the fuccefs of that naval expedition which is the fubject of this poem.

With thefe returns victorious Montagu.] In fome late editions the title of this poem injurioufly gives the glory of this action to General Montagu which is entirely due to Stayner, who, for his bravery on this occafion, and foon afterwards at Santa Cruz, was knighted by Cromwell; and had his valour been employed in a better caufe, by a better mafter, he might have been juftly ranked amongft thofe who have merited moft of the Englifh nation. But when Montagu came back from the coaft of Portugal, the Marquis's two fons, and two furviving daughters, with about ninety other prifoners, and all the bullion, were com-

mitted to his care. With these returns he to Portsmouth, where he received the Protector's orders to bring them by land to London, and his orders were executed with great ostentation.

Upon the death of the Lord Protector, p. 133.

MR. Waller wrote this poem *anno ætat.* 53.

Nature herself took notice of his death, &c.] He expired upon the 3d day of Sept. 1658, a day he thought always very propitious to him, and on which he had twice triumphed for two of his greatest victories: and this was now a day very memorable for the greatest storm of wind that had been ever known, for some hours before and after his death, which overthrew trees, houses, and made great wrecks at sea; and the tempest was so universal, that the effects of it were terrible both in France and Flanders, where all people trembled at it: for besides the wrecks all along the sea-coast, many boats were cast away in the very rivers; and within few days after, the circumstance of his death, that accompanied the storm, was universally known.

"He was one of those men *quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt, nisi ut simul laudent,* "whom his "very enemies could not condemn without commend-"ing him at the same time:" for he could never "have done half that mischief without great courage,

" industry, and judgment. He must have had a won-
" derful understanding in the natures and humours of
" men, and as great a dexterity in applying them,
" who, from a private and obscure birth, (though of
" a good family) without interest or estate, alliance
" or friendship, could raise himself to such a height,
" and compound and knead such opposite and con-
" tradictory tempers, humours, and interests, into a
" consistence that contributed to his own designs, and
" to their own destruction, whilst himself grew insen-
" sibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he
" had climbed, in the instant that they projected to
" demolish their own building. What was said of Cin-
" na may very justly be said of him, *Ausum eum, quæ*
" *nemo auderet bonus; perfecisse, quæ à nullo nisi fortissimo*
" *perfici possent:* " he attempted those things which no
" good man durst have ventured on, and achieved
" those in which none but a valiant and great man
" could have succeeded." Without doubt no man
" with more wickedness ever attempted any thing,
" or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly,
" more in the face and contempt of religion and mo-
" ral honesty: yet wickedness, great as his, could ne-
" ver have accomplished those designs without the as-
" sistance of a great spirit, and admirable circumspec-
" tion and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolu-
" tion." *Earl of Clarendon's History, Book* xv.

Of the invasion and defeat of the Turks, p. 139.

THE siege of Vienna, which occasioned the writing this poem, began about the middle of July 1683, (in the seventy-eighth year of Mr. Waller's age) and was carried on with great fury by an army of an hundred thousand Turks, under the conduct of the Grand Visier; but he was compelled to raise it on the 10th of the following September, by that heroic prince, John Sobieski, king of Poland, at whose arrival the Infidels made such a precipitate flight, that they left behind them their field-equipage and the standard of the Ottoman empire, with an hundred and eighty pieces of cannon. Upon this defeat the commotions grew so violent among the Janizaries, that the Sultan was obliged to commute for his own safety with the death of his great favourite Cara Mustapha, the Grand Visier, who was strangled at Belgrade on the 25th of December 1683. He had attained to the highest dignities and command that a subject is capable of enjoying in that government, by the interest of the Sultaness-mother Valida, to whom, for many years, he had been a gallant; but not long before this fatal campaign he had fallen passionately in love with Basch-Lari, the Sultan's sister, which so irritated the forsaken Valida, that she made use of the necessities of the state to be revenged for his inconstancy, and prevailed with her

ſon, the Emperor Mahomet, to ſend for his head; to which he is ſaid to have aſſented with the greateſt reluctance.

Of her Royal Highneſs, mother to the Prince of Orange, &c. *p.* 144.

MARY Princeſs of Orange was the eldeſt daughter of K. Charles I. born at St James's, *anno Dom.* 1631, and contracted, in the tenth year of her age, to William, only ſon of Frederic Henry Prince of Orange. She was a lady whoſe piety and incomparable goodneſs of nature were not confined to a fruitleſs compaſſion of the calamities of her family, but rendered her active in promoting their intereſts, and bountiful to their friends when they wanted her ſupport and protection. After nineteen year's abſence ſhe returned to her native country, to partake in the general joy at her brother's reſtoration. Soon after her arrival the Houſe of Commons preſented her Highneſs with 10,000 *l.* which, though it might in ſome meaſure evidence their own duty and affection, was but a poor equivalent for only one article of her bounty, ſhe having, for many years, appropriated one half of her annual revenue to the ſupport of the Duke of Glouceſter, that he might not be influenced to change his religion, by accepting a penſion from the Catholic princes; but her ſoul was too noble either to balance be-

nefits herſelf, or to ſuffer others to reduce them to a ſtrict computation. After ſhe had paſſed about three months in England, ſhe died of the ſmall-pox, and was interred in Henry VII.'s chapel, December 31, *anno Dom.* 1660, *ætat ſuæ* 29. At the time of his writing this poem Mr. Waller appears to have been in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

Upon her Majeſty's new buildings at Somerſet-houſe, p. 145.

THE queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, returned with a deſign to paſs the remainder of her life in England, *anno Dom.* 1662, when Mr. Waller was in the fifty-ſeventh year of his age. Upon ſettling at Somerſet-houſe ſhe beautified the old palace, and, I think, added all thoſe buildings that front to the river. Mr. Cowley has an excellent copy of verſes on this occaſion.

Upon the Earl of Roſcommon's tranſlation of Horace, p. 151.

WENTWORTH DILLON, Earl of Roſcommon, was born in Ireland, whilſt the government of that kingdom was committed to the care of the great Earl of Strafford, to whom the Counteſs of Roſcommon (deſcended from the Boyntons of Bramſton, in the county of York) was nearly related; and when he was baptized, the Lord Lieutenant gave him the ſurname

of his own family. In that kingdom he paſſed the firſt years of his infancy; but his father having been converted by Archbiſhop Uſher from the communion of the Church of Rome, the Earl of Strafford, apprehending that his family would be expoſed to the moſt furious effects of religious revenge, at the beginning of the Iriſh rebellion, ſent for his godſon into England, and placed him at his own ſeat in Yorkſhire, under the tuition of Dr. Hall, a perſon of eminent learning and piety. By him he was inſtructed in Latin; and, without learning the common rules of grammar, which he could never retain in his memory, he attained to write in that language with claſſical elegance and propriety, and with ſo much eaſe, that he choſe it to correſpond with thoſe friends who had learning ſufficient to ſupport the commerce. When the cloud began to gather over England, and the Earl of Strafford was ſingled out for a prey to popular fury, by the advice of the Lord Primate Uſher he was ſent to complete his education at Caen in Normandy, under the care and direction of the famous Bochartus. After ſome years he travelled to Rome, where he grew familiar with the moſt valuable remains of Antiquity, applying himſelf particularly to the knowledge of medals, which he gained in perfection, and ſpoke Italian with ſo much grace and fluency, that he was frequently miſtaken there for a native. Soon after the reſtoration he returned to England, where

he was graciously received by K. Charles II. and made Captain of the Band of Pensioners. In the gaieties of that age he was tempted to indulge a violent passion for gaming, by which he frequently hazarded his life in duels, and exceeded the bounds of a moderate fortune. A dispute with the Lord Privy Seal about part of his estate obliging him to revisit his native country, he resigned his post in the English court, and soon after his arrival at Dublin, the Duke of Ormond appointed him to be Captain of the Guards. His beloved Horace observed, that the diseases of the mind are seldom cured by change of air, the truth of which was confirmed by his Lordship's example; for he was there as much as ever distempered with the same fatal affection for play, which engaged him in one adventure that well deserves to be related. As he returned to his lodgings from a gaming-table he was attacked in the dark by three ruffians, who were employed to assassinate him: the Earl defended himself with so much resolution, that he dispatched one of the aggressors, whilst a gentleman, accidentally passing that way, interposed, and disarmed another; the third secured himself by flight. This generons assistant was a disbanded officer, of a good family, and fair reputation, who, by what we call the partiality of Fortune, to avoid censuring the iniquities of the times, wanted even a plain suit of clothes to make a decent appearance at the Castle: but his Lordship, on this occasion,

presenting him to the Duke of Ormond, with great importunity prevailed with his Grace that he might resign his post of Captain of the Guards to his friend; which for about three years the gentleman enjoyed, and upon his death the Duke returned the commission to his generous benefactor.

The pleasures of the English court, and the friendships he had there contracted, were powerful motives for his return to London. Soon after he came he was made Master of the Horse to her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, and married the Lady Frances, eldest daughter of Richard Earl of Burlington, who before had been the wife of Colonel Courtney. And about this time, in imitation of those learned and polite assemblies with which he had been acquainted abroad, particularly one at Caen, (in which his tutor Bochartus died suddenly whilst he was delivering an oration) he began to form a society for the refining and fixing the standard of our language, in which design his great friend Mr. Dryden was a principal assistant: a design! of which it is much easier to conceive an agreeable idea, than any rational hope ever to see it brought to perfection among us. This project, at least, was entirely defeated by the religious commotions that ensued on King James's accession to the throne; at which time the Earl took a resolution to pass the remainder of his life at Rome, telling his friends, it would be best to sit next to the chimney when the

chamber ſmoked. Amid theſe reflections he was ſeized by the gout; and being too impatient of pain, he permitted a bold French pretender to phyſic to apply a repelling medicine, in order to give him preſent relief, which drove the diſtemper into his bowels, and in a ſhort time put a period to his life, in the year 1684. The moment in which he expired he cried out, with a voice that expreſſed the moſt intenſe fervour of devotion,

> My God, my father, and my friend!
> Do not forſake me at my end.

He was buried, with great funeral pomp, in Weſtminſter Abbey; but his friends ſeem to have thought his own writings a more durable monument than any they could erect to his memory. And in them we view the image of a mind that was naturally ſerious and ſolid, richly furniſhed and adorned with all the ornaments of art and ſcience, and thoſe ornaments unaffectedly diſpoſed in the moſt regular and elegant order. His imagination might have probably been more fruitful and ſprightly, if his judgment had been leſs ſevere, but that ſeverity (delivered in a maſculine, clear, ſuccinct ſtyle) contributed to make him ſo eminent in the didactical manner, that no man, with juſtice, can affirm he was ever equalled by any of our own nation, without confeſſing, at the ſame time, that he is inferior to none. In ſome other kinds of writing his genius ſeems to have wanted fire to attain the point of perfection:

but who can attain it? Mr. Waller addreſſed this poem to his Lordſhip *anno ætat.* 75.

Ad Comitem Monumetenſem, &c. p. 153.

THIS copy of Latin verſes I found prefixed to the Earl of Monmouth's tranſlation of Cardinal Bentivoglio's Hiſtory of the Wars of Flanders, which having been publiſhed in the year 1678, we may ſuppoſe that Mr. Waller wrote it *anno ætat.* 73.

On the Duke of Monmouth's expedition into Scotland, &c. p. 154.

THE Scots intending to juſtify the barbarous murther of Archbiſhop Sharp by an open rebellion, made their general rendezvous at Bothwell Bridge, where they found their numbers increaſed to about ſeventeen thouſand men. King Charles having ordered the Duke of Monmouth to ſuppreſs this inſurrection in its infancy, his Grace accordingly repaired to Scotland with almoſt incredible expedition; and ſoon after his arrival, in one deciſive action, routed and diſperſed the rebels, who left about eight hundred ſlain, and twelve hundred priſoners, behind them. This battle having been fought on the 22d of June 1679, we may conclude that Mr. Waller wrote theſe verſes in the ſeventy-fourth year of his age.

The triple combat, p. 156.

In the year 1675, came over to the English court the famous Duchess of Mazarine, who had formerly the greatest fortune of any lady in Europe, and was judged to have as much merit, at least so far as wit and beauty could extend, the two captivating qualities of her sex. She was once thought a fit match for the King himself, and so designed by the queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, and Cardinal Mazarine; but now, with the loss of her fortune and her reputation, and the final parting from her husband, she was forced to take refuge in the English court, where she was for a while set up as a rival to the Duchess of Portsmouth, and might probably have proved so, had not her amorous inclinations towards another been too soon discovered to the King, who, notwithstanding, allowed her a half pension, 4000 *l.* a-year; and her house, for many years, became the rendezvous of all the men of wit and quality, and the scene of all the news of the Town, of gaming, curious and exquisite entertainments, and all manner of diversions. The reader may find a much fuller character of her in the works of St. Evremond and Abbot St. Real; but this relation from Mr. Echard is sufficient for the present occasion.—I suppose Mr. Waller wrote this poem in the seventieth year of his age.

Of an elegy made by Mrs. Wharton, &c. p. 157.

She was the daughter and co-heirefs of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, in Oxfordfhire, who, having no fon, left his eftate to be divided between this lady and her fifter, the Countefs of Abingdon, whofe memory Mr. Dryden has celebrated in a funeral panegyric. She was the late Marquis of Wharton's firft wife, and died without iffue. The Earl of Rochefter's mother was aunt to her father Sir Henry Lee; for which reafon Mr. Waller fays they were allied both in genius and in blood.

Upon our late lofs of the Duke of Cambridge, p. 158.

He was the Duke of York's firft fon, by his fecond lady, Mary d'Efte, born the 7th of November 1677, and died when he was about a month old.

Inftructions to a Painter, &c. p. 159.

I have already obferved that Mr. Waller imitated Bufenello's Venetian Triumph in the addrefs of this poem; in which (as, indeed, in moft of his panegyrics) he hath fo clofely confined himfelf to hiftorical fact, and is fo particular and full in defcribing the whole action, that very few paffages will require any explanation. He wrote it *anno ætat.* 60.

The battle of The Summer Islands, p. 174.

THE iſlands of Bermuda derived that name from the firſt European diſcoverer, who was a Spaniard; but, about the year 1609, Sir George Summers, being wrecked on that coaſt, ſettled a colony there, which he intended to have planted in Virginia, and called them The Summer Iſlands. They are ſituate in 32 degrees and 30 minutes of northern latitude.

With the ſweet ſound of Sachariſſa's name, &c.] It cannot be ſuppoſed that Mr. Waller would inſinuate any remains of paſſion for the Lady Dorothy after her marriage; the names of Sidney and Sachariſſa were laid down together in 1639; ſo that this poem was certainly written before that year, though there are no hints from which we can diſcover exactly the time of its production. In the concluſion of the laſt poem to that lady he declares his reſolution to make a voyage to divert his deſpair; and if he was a proprietor of The Summer Iſlands, as it is reported he was, he might, perhaps, at that time accompany his friend the Earl of Warwick, who had a large ſhare in that plantation; and that diviſion of Bermuda which was the ſcene of this action which Mr. Waller records, bears the name of that Earl, who, inſtead of loitering away life in court-attendance, employed his younger years in ſettling colonies in the Weſt Indies, an employment more innocent, as well as more honourable,

than what he afterwards engaged in! "He was a man "of a companionable wit and converſation, of an "univerſal jollity, and ſuch a licenſe in his words and "in his actions, that a man of leſs virtue could not be "found out; ſo that one might reaſonably have be- "lieved that a man ſo qualified would not have been "able to have contributed much to the overthrow of "a nation and kingdom: but with all theſe faults he "had great authority with that people who, in the "beginning of the troubles, did all the miſchief; and "by opening his doors, and making his houſe the "rendezvous of all the ſilenced miniſters, in the time "when there was authority to ſilence them, and "ſpending a good part of his eſtate (of which he was "very prodigal) upon them, and by being preſent "with them at their devotions, and making himſelf "merry with them, and at them, (which they diſ- "penſed with) he became the head of that party, and "got the ſtyle of *a godly man*. When the King revo- "ked the Earl of Northumberland's commiſſion of "Admiral, he preſently accepted the office from the "parliament, and never quitted their ſervice: and "when Cromwell diſbanded that parliament, he be- "took himſelf to the protection of the Protector, "married his heir to his daughter, and lived in ſo en- "tire a confidence and friendſhip with him, that "when he died the Protector exceedingly lamented "him. He left his eſtate (which before was ſubject

"to a vaſt debt) more improved and repaired than "any man who trafficked in that deſperate com-"modity of Rebellion." *Earl of Clarendon's Hiſtory, Book* VI.

VOL. II.

EPISTLES.

To the King, on his navy, p. I.

In all the editions ſince the reſtoration, this poem has been placed the firſt; which, I ſuppoſe, hath induced moſt perſons to imagine it to have been written ſeveral years ſooner than it was. In this number I find the writer of Mr. Waller's life, who believes it was occaſioned by the fleet that was ſet out under the command of the Lord Viſcount Wimbleton; and ſeems to have been led into this opinion by that addition to the title, *in the year* 1626, which has been prefixed in ſome of the lateſt editions. The gentleman, whoever he was, that fixed the date of this and ſome other of the poems, will not appear to have been very competently qualified for ſuch an undertaking, if we reflect that he has miſtaken no leſs than two years in his chronology upon the verſes On the Danger the Prince eſcaped at St. Andero; and having ſo groſsly erred in a fact ſo notorious as that, I think we may decently diſmiſs him from the chair, and hear Mr. Rymer's

opinion, though I believe there is reason not to ſtand to his deciſion in the caſe depending. "Our language," ſays he, "retained ſomething of the churl; ſomething "of the ſtiff and Gothiſh did ſtick upon it till long "after Chaucer. Chaucer threw in Latin, French, "Provincial, and other languages, like new ſtum, to "raiſe a fermentation. In Queen Elizabeth's time it "grew fine, but came not to an head and ſpirit, did "not ſhine and ſparkle, till Mr. Waller ſet it a-run-"ning. And one may obſerve, by his poem On the "Navy, *anno* 1632, that not the language only, but "his poetry, then diſtinguiſhed him from all his con-"temporaries, both in England and in other nations, "and from all before him upwards to Horace and "Virgil. For there, beſides the language, clean and "majeſtic; the thoughts new and noble; the verſe "ſweet, ſmooth, full, and ſtrong; the turn of the "poem is happy to admiration; the firſt line, with "all that follow in order, leads to the concluſion; "all bring to the ſame point and centre:

> To thee, his choſen, more indulgent, he
> Dares truſt ſuch pow'r with ſo much piety.

"Here is both Homer and Virgil; the *fortis Achilles*, "and the *pius Æneas*, in the perſon he compliments, "and the greatneſs owing to his virtue. The thought "and application is moſt natural, juſt, and true, in "poetry, though in fact, and really, he might have no "more fortitude or piety than another body; for the

" repairing then of Paul's gave a reaſonable colour " for his piety, and that navy-royal might well give " him the pre-eminence in power above Achilles."

I ſhould willingly have acquieſced in this determination, if there had been any naval armament in the year 1632 conſiderable enough for the ſubject of Mr. Waller's poem; neither did the war betwixt France and Spain, which is referred to in the third verſe, break out till, I believe, almoſt three years after the date that Mr. Rymer hath aſſigned; and therefore, in a matter that ſtill remains ſo uncertain, I may venture to interpoſe my own opinion, which, whether right or no, may be leſs liable to objections than thoſe that have been already advanced.

In the year 1635 the Hollanders eſpouſed the quarrel of France againſt Spain, and the terms ſtipulated in the treaty were, that they ſhould not only divide the provinces of Flanders, but alſo Dunkirk, Oſtend, and the other ſea-ports on the coaſt, equally between them. Upon the concluding this league offenſive and defenſive, the Dutch forgot their obligations to the crown of England, treated their old benefactors with diſreſpect, and were more audacious in their encroachments upon the fiſhery on our coaſts. King Charles thought it was high time to aſſert his ſovereignty over the narrow ſeas, and immediately fitted out a much greater fleet than had ever been equipped ſince the reign of Queen Eli[illegible]eth, and appointed

the Earl of Lindſey to command it. Sir William Monſon, who ſerved Vice-admiral under the Earl, informs us, in his Naval Tracts, that while this fleet was preparing, many idle, factious, and ſcandalous reports were invented, to perſuade the people that thoſe preparations were only an artifice of ſtate to draw money from the ſubject. Could Mr. Waller ever have had a more happy opportunity than this of making his court to the King, by repreſenting his actions in their proper light, in proclaiming his navy to be, as in truth it was, the glory and defence of the nation? And yet, to deal ingenuouſly, I am of opinion that this poem was written in the following year, when his great friend, the Earl of Northumberland, was made admiral of a fleet not inferior to the former, in the thirty-firſt year of Mr. Waller's age.

The world's reſtorer once could not endure.] This line is printed as I find it in the firſt edition; in the others it is *never cou'd endure.* The building of Babel is related by Moſes in *Geneſis*, chap. xi.

To the Queen, occaſioned upon ſight of her Majeſty's picture, p. 2.

WHEN all thoughts of a marriage with the Infanta of Spain were laid aſide, King James conſented that Prince Charles ſhould make his addreſſes to Henrietta Maria de Bourbon, [illegible]ngeſt daughter of Henry IV.

of France, by his queen Mary de Medicis. Accordingly, in the year 1624, the Lord Kenſington, (afterwards created Earl of Holland) was diſpatched to make propoſals to Lewis XIII. by whom they were embraced, and the nuptial ceremony was performed in the church of Nôtredame in Paris, on the 1ſt of May 1625. Mr. Waller ſeems to have written this poem ſoon after her Majeſty's arrival in England, *anno ætat.* 20. Nor ſhall we think him too profuſe in praiſing her beauty, when we read the deſcription of her perſon, which the Lord Kenſington gives, in a letter to the Prince of Wales, whom he would not dare to delude with a portrait of his own invention. *** "Sir, "if your intentions proceed this way, (as by many "reaſons of ſtate and wiſdom there is cauſe now rather to preſs it than ſlacken it) you will find a lady "of as much lovelineſs and ſweetneſs to deſerve your "affection as any creature under heaven can do. And, "Sir, by all her faſhions ſince my being here, and by "what I hear from the ladies, it is moſt viſible to me "her infinite value and reſpect unto you. Sir, I ſay "not this to betray your belief, but from a true ob-"ſervation and knowledge of this to be ſo. I tell you "this, and muſt ſomewhat more, in way of admiration "of the perſon of Madame; for the impreſſions I "had of her were but ordinary, but the amazement "extraordinary, to find her (as I proteſt to God I "did) the ſweeteſt creature [illegible]ance. Her growth

"is very little, ſhort of her age, but her wiſdom in-
"finitely beyond it. I heard her diſcourſe with her
"mother, and the ladies about her, with extraordi-
"nary diſcretion and quickneſs. She dances (the
"which I am a witneſs of) as well as ever I ſaw any
"creature. They ſay ſhe ſings ſweetly; I am ſure ſhe
"looks ſo." * * * And in another letter he ſays,
"That for beauty and goodneſs ſhe was an angel."
This deſcription will claim the more regard, when we reflect on the important occaſion on which it was written, and on the perſon who wrote it, who was the moſt accompliſhed courtier of that age: *elegans formarum ſpectator*, was the Earl of Holland's true character, and it had been happy for himſelf and the nation if he had never aſpired to any other.

To the Queen-mother of France, upon her landing, p. 5.

MARY DE MEDICIS, queen-mother of France, is a ſad and very ſingular inſtance how inſecure the moſt commanding condition may prove againſt the viciſſitudes of Fortune. She was daughter to the Great Duke of Tuſcany, wife of Henry IV. of France, mother to Lewis XIII. his ſucceſſor, to the Queens of England and Spain, and to the Ducheſs of Savoy, yet was made a ſacrifice by her own ſon (a timorous and weak prince) to the ambition of Cardinal Richlieu, to whom ſhe had been a benefa[illegible] By him ſhe was repreſented

to the King of France as a perſon diſaffected to his government, then was perſecuted from the court, and at length confined to Compeigne; from whence ſhe made her eſcape, the 19th of July 1631, with ſo much precipitation, that ſhe travelled thirty leagues without taking eaſe or refreſhment. In the year 1638, her daughter, the Queen of England, invited her over, to take ſanctuary in this nation, whither her evil genius purſued her; for, upon her arrival, the populace raiſed a tumult, in which three men were ſlain; and when the Earl of Holland, who was Lord-lieutenant of Middleſex, gave orders for a guard of a hundred muſqueteers out of the militia to protect her Majeſty's perſon, he was anſwered, that they thought it fitter for them to do other things than to guard a foreigner. At length ſhe was lodged ſafe in St. James's palace, where, for about three years, ſhe enjoyed a penſion of 3000 *l.* a-month. At laſt the parliament petitioned for her removal out of the kingdom, which they ſoftened with a preſent of 10,000 *l.* to make proviſion for her journey. The King's affairs were too much perplexed for him to give protection to others; and therefore, in Auguſt 1641, he ordered the Earl of Arundel to attend this unfortunate princeſs to Cologne; where, having languiſhed to the following year, in a condition very unſuitable to her high birth and former dignity, ſhe died about five months before the implacable Cardinal. This po[illegible]as addreſſed to the

Queen in the year 1638, in the thirty-third year of Mr. Waller's age.

The conclusion of this poem will be best understood by those who are acquainted with the Gierusalemme Liberata, in the nineteenth book of which the combat of Tancredi with Argantes, and in the twentieth that of Rinaldo with the Soldan, is described; and it needs no greater recommendation to be read, than its having been reverenced by Mr. Dryden next to the Æneis of Virgil. Mr. Waller not only learned the art of versifying from Fairfax's translation of it, but the subject made a lasting impression on his maturer judgment; for in some of his latest compositions, as well as in this, he expresseth a desire that the Christian princes would enter into a religious confederacy to rescue the holy sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels. In this place it will not be improper to give a short account of the life of his favourite author.

Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento, an ancient city in Italy, about six leagues distant from Naples, in the year 1544. In his infancy he manifested an amazing genius, which was afterwards cultivated at Rome and Padua with variety of polite literature; and when he was no more than twenty-two years old, he began to write his immortal Gierusalemme Liberata. Alphonsus Duke of Ferrara invited him to reside in his court, whither he repaired, and was received more like a victo[illegible] hero than a recorder of their

actions; and, during his stay, was honoured with very singular marks of the Duke's esteem and affection. Nor was he less caressed by Charles IX. when, leaving Ferrara, he attended the Pope's nuncio to the court of France, which seemed to rival Italy in admiring him. But, to close these gaudy scenes, Fortune kept a dismal catastrophe in reserve; for Tasso, on his return to Italy, was unfortunately engaged in a duel, occasioned by a real or pretended amour, in which the reputation of a great lady was attainted; whereupon he was seized and imprisoned by the Duke of Ferrara's command, in whose palace the challenge was given. In his confinement he was dejected into a deep melancholy, which terminated in stupidity; in which sad disguise Montaigne tells us he saw him, but, without assigning the real cause, imputes it to the violent career of spirits which his great vivacity of wit had occasioned. "What a condition," says he, (as Mr. Cotton makes him speak) "through his own "agitation and promptness of fancy, is one of the "most judicious, ingenious, and the best-formed souls "to the ancient and true poesy, of any other Italian "poet that has been for these very many years, lately "fallen into? Has he not great obligation to this vi-"vacity that has destroyed him? to this light that "has blinded him? to this exact and subtle appre-"hension of reason that has put him besides his? to "his curious and laborious scrutiny after sciences

" that has reduced him to a brute? I was more angry " (if poſſible) than compaſſionate, to ſee him at Ferrara in ſo pitiful a condition ſurvive himſelf; forgetting both himſelf and his works, which (without his knowledge, though before his face!) have " been publiſhed deformed and incorrect."*** The ingenious tranſlator thought his author in this place had deſcribed Arioſto, a very pardonable miſtake! ſince many flights in his Orlando ſeem to have been the dreams of an over-heated imagination. I cannot find how long Taſſo continued in this deplorable condition; but, it is ſaid, by the care that was taken of him in an hoſpital, he recovered the uſe of his reaſon; and Thuanus informs us, that in his lucid intervals he wrote like one inſpirited with a divine fury, and was maſter of a judgment ſedate and cool enough to correct what he compoſed. At laſt he was invited to Rome to receive the laurel with the public ſolemnities with which it is uſually conferred in that city; but whilſt the pageantry was preparing, he was ſeized by a fever, and died in the fifty-firſt year of his age; and being privately interred in the church dedicated to St. Humphrey, a plain marble was laid over his grave, with this epitaph; *Hic jacet Torquatus Taſſus;* where, ſome years after, Cardinal Bevilaqua erected a handſome monument, with a Latin inſcription, longer, indeed, than the former, but ſo unequal to the perſon it commemorates, that it is not worth my tranſcribing.

The country, to my Lady of Carliſle, p. 6.

THE Lady Lucy Percy, whom the beſt Engliſh poets of that age, and Voiture, the politeſt wit of France, celebrated under the title of The Counteſs of Carliſle, was a younger daughter of Henry Earl of Northumberland; who, who upon a ſuſpicion of his not having been entirely ignorant of the gun-powder plot, was for many years impriſoned in the Tower. During his confinement the Lady Lucy was married to James Hay, created Viſcount Doncaſter, and Earl of Carliſle, by K. James I.; with which alliance her father was ſo highly offended, that with extreme difficulty ſhe obtained his forgiveneſs, but could never regain his affection. In conjunction with a wonderful vivacity of wit, and all the graces peculiar to her ſex in a moſt eminent degree, ſhe was bleſſed with a maſculine vigour of mind, but is cenſured for having abuſed it to the perplexing King Charles's affairs with the parliament; on which account a late learned and ingenious writer calls her, "the Helen of her country." But here it will be more decent to draw a veil over her political errors, and view her only in that agreeable light in which Mr. Waller and Sir Toby Mathews have placed her. The latter of theſe gentlemen has given us her deſcription in proſe, which is alluded to by Sir John Suckling in his Seſſion of the Poets. I only ſay it is alluded to, but b[illegible]e it was originally

mentioned; for I am perſuaded that, in the verſe on which I ground my conjecture, for the word *care*, we ſhould read,

> For had not her Character furniſh'd you out
> With ſomething of handſome, &c.

A ſmall number of Suckling's plays were printed for himſelf, to preſent to the quality when they were acted at court; but his poems and letters were publiſhed by his friend the Earl of Denbeigh after his death, from ſuch imperfect copies as his Lordſhip could haſtily collect; and therefore it is not ſtrange if many of them ſtill retain their original corruption. In the poem I have juſt quoted (to inſtance in no more) Shillingſworth, Walter, Cid, have been conſtantly miſprinted for Chillingworth, Waller, and Sid, *i. e.* Sidney Godolphin. But it is time to let the character itſelf atone for this digreſſion which it occaſioned.

" This lady's birth is noble, from a high and an-
" cient deſcent, and in it her blood is kept pure by
" often alliance with great and princely families. Time
" has allowed it a line of longer meaſure than almoſt
" to any by continuance, and ſo, as we cannot with
" eaſe give an account of the firſt greatneſs and eleva-
" tion of her anceſtors; but yet it leaves certain marks
" by which we may (as by a kind of back-light) point
" at many of them, whoſe courage and virtues have
" dignified both [illegible] good fortunes and their ill.

" She is of too high a mind and dignity not only to
" feek, but almoft to wifh, the friendfhip of any crea-
" ture; they whom fhe is pleafed to chufe are fuch as
" are of the moft eminent condition both for power
" and employments; not with any defign towards
" her own particular, either of advantage or curiofity,
" but her nature values fortunate perfons as virtuous;
" who, if they be not fo by this opinion, they have
" an advantage of them who are fo, by this choice.
" It may be fhe doth this by way of gratitude to For-
" tune, who hath taken fo much care of her, as that
" from a doubtful, and, I might fay, a kind of fear-
" ful, condition, fhe hath placed and fecured her, as
" it were, in her own very arms; from whence this
" great lady might yet, perhaps, have removed her-
" felf by the carelefs ufe of thofe benefits, of the pro-
" vifions which Fortune hath made for her, were they
" not too abundant. They who are even as it were
" in her very veins, as brothers and fifters, fhe ex-
" tremely loves, but fhe values them more as they are
" fo to her; fhe wants not alfo kindnefs for their
" children. But fuch as are more removed from her
" fhe confiders no otherwife than as ftreams, which
" run too far to have any participation of her excel-
" lencies. She has as much fenfe and gratitude for
" the actions of friendfhip as fo extreme a beauty will
" give her leave to entertain; and from our fex fhe
" may expect all expreffion[illegible] fervitude by the very

" nature and duty thereof. She more willingly allows
" of the converſation of men than of women; yet
" when ſhe is amongſt thoſe of her own ſex, her diſ-
" courſe is of faſhions and dreſſes, which ſhe hath
" ever ſo perfect upon herſelf, as ſhe likewiſe teaches
" them by ſeeing her. Amongſt men her perſon is both
" conſidered and admired, and her wit, being moſt
" eminent among the reſt of her great abilities, ſhe
" affects the converſation of the perſons who are moſt
" famed for it; though yet ſhe be ſo handſomely
" civil to all, as that at the firſt you would believe
" her to be more guided by that civility of her's
" than perhaps ſhe is, ſince ſhe will rather ſhew what
" ſhe can do, than let her nature continue in it; un-
" leſs ſhe conſider ſomething in the perſons very ex-
" traordinary and new, which ſhe cannot find by their
" admiring her, (for that is not to be avoided !) and
" then ſhe may requite them by allowing it: but yet
" if even that be not expreſſed with the aſſiſtance of
" fortune, and when ſhe is in a good humour, and in
" the diſtance and with the duty for which ſhe looks,
" you may perhaps find ſcorn when you expect accep-
" tation; reproving more the omiſſions of (that which
" the majeſty of her perſon teaches) reverence, than
" ſhe cheriſhes (what her beauty both begets and en-
" forces) love: yet will ſhe freely diſcourſe of love,
" and hear both the fancies and powers of it; but if
" you will needs brin[illegible]within knowledge, and bold-

"ly direct it to herſelf, ſhe is likely to divert the diſ-
"courſe, or, at leaſt, ſeem not to underſtand it; by
"which you may know her humour and her juſtice;
"for ſince ſhe cannot love in earneſt, ſhe would have
"nothing from love, ſo contenting herſelf to play
"with Love as with a child. She hath too great a
"heart to have naturally any ſtrong inclination to
"others, not allowing them to grow from thence, as
"finding there no motions of affection, but only up-
"on conſideration of the merit of others towards her:
"ſo that naturally ſhe hath no paſſion at all, ſince
"inclinations are the ground and foundation upon
"which paſſion is built: but yet ſhe will obſerve them
"whoſe reputation gives a value to their perſons and
"condition, as if ſhe would not be unwilling to find
"ſomething of entertainment whereby to pleaſe her-
"ſelf, or paſs her time. But then, her examinations
"going ever by way of compulſion towards herſelf,
"they return unſatisfied. I conceive her not to be of
"a leſs ſenſible nature than ſhe will acknowledge in
"herſelf. I believe ſhe cannot find in it thoſe little
"tenderneſſes which ſhe will diſallow in others, but
"yet, upon occaſions worthy of her kindneſs or com-
"paſſion, (which, though they differ in their nature,
"yet they agree in the ſame ſhews) it hath broken
"out ſometimes like ſuppreſſed flames: but I confeſs
"they are ſo few occaſions that can bring it thus to
"light, as ſhe may well be miſtaken in her own heart

" by the feldom working of it; or, peradventure, in
" her reafon fhe may make it this defence againft
" thofe expreffions, that they are occafions to force
" her to take this unfenfiblenefs upon her nature,
" which is like giving of denials before fuits be afked,
" or elfe as proclamations which forbid what may
" happen; and then, if they be difobeyed, it is to
" to be upon our own peril. She affects particular fo
" much, that fhe diflikes general courtefies, and you
" may fear to be lefs valued by her for your oblig-
" ing her, fhe, peradventure, believing it to proceed
" in them from fome eafinefs and cuftom of the
" mind, rather than from a generofity and humanity
" of the nature; which I conceive to be her greateft
" injuftice, having obferved her to be fo careful for
" fome who have defired favours from her, as that
" her charity or her nature hath fought advantages
" for them who were ftrangers to her, who yet might
" well have taken them from thofe other who were
" not fo to her. To fhew her underftanding, not
" her difvaluing, of perfons, fhe will freely deliver
" her opinion of them; and as, in whomfoever we
" can fpeak of, there is, for the greateft part, more
" to be reformed than commended, fo, in the deli-
" vering of her cenfures that way, it fhews her judg-
" ment can difcover (that which we ftrive moft to
" conceal) our imperfections and errors. Though fhe
" be obferved not to be very careful in the public exer-

"cises of our religion, yet I agree not with their opi-
"nion who hold her likely to abandon and change
"it, not only for the faith and trust which she hath
"in the truth and goodness of it, but to avoid the
"doing of that which she believes to be a levity and
"declaration of a former ignorance. This lady, whom
"both Fortune and Nature have ever been in strife
"to serve, (the one with her benefits, the other with
"her blessings) wants not a sense and contentment
"in both; but conveniences of this kind being no
"true delight, she takes the greatest joy in the per-
"fections of her own person, since Fortune cannot
"give her such a store and stock as Nature doth to
"all that behold her; from which you may yet, per-
"haps, come to take so much that you may find it to
"be a burthenous treasure, since you cannot lay it
"out, or make any use of it, she being not to be pur-
"chased by her own gifts. If gratitude may be pro-
"cured from her, it may go for an extraordinary re-
"ward, though from others it would be held but for
"a cold charity. She is more esteemed than beloved
"by her own sex in two respects; the one, for that
"her beauty far exceeds theirs, and the other, for
"that her wit doth the like; which makes most of
"them (especially such as pretend towards either of
"these excellencies) to avoid her company through
"their envy, as being constrained in it, her beauty
"putting their faces out of [illegible]tenance, as her wit

“ doth their minds. She is ſo great a lover of varie-
“ ty, as that when ſhe may not otherwiſe expreſs
“ it, ſhe will remove her own thoughts, if not change
“ her opinions, even of thoſe perſons that are not
“ leaſt conſidered by her; and when they have given
“ her this entertainment, let them ſettle again in their
“ former places with her. She hath certain high and
“ elevated thoughts in which ſhe is pleaſed moſt, and
“ they carry her mind above any thing within her
“ knowledge. She believeth nothing to be worthy of
“ her conſideration but her own imaginations: theſe
“ gallant fancies keep her in ſatisfaction when ſhe is
“ alone, where ſhe will make ſomething worthy of
“ her liking, ſince in the world ſhe cannot find any
“ thing worthy of her loving. Amongſt the reſt of
“ her unnumbered perfections, ſhe hath a grace and
“ facility, (and I might well ſay, a felicity) in her
“ expreſſions, ſince they are certain, and always in
“ the beſt and feweſt words: and as they are hand-
“ ſome, they are likewiſe ſo faithful in the relation
“ of any thing, as that ſhe refines the language, and
“ yet within the true limits of the occaſion, adding
“ nothing to the ſubſtance, but yet infinitely by the
“ manner. She is in diſpoſition inclined to be chole-
“ ric, which ſhe ſuppreſſes, not, perhaps, in conſide-
“ ration of the perſons who occaſion it, but upon a
“ belief that it is unhandſome towards herſelf; which
“ yet, being thus co[illegible]d, doth ſo kindle and fire her

" wit, as that, in very few words, it says somewhat " so extracted, as that it hath a sharpness, and strength, " and taste, to disrelish, if not to kill, the proudest " hopes which you can have of her value of you. She " affects extremes, because she cannot suffer any con- " dition but of plenty and glory, in which, if she had " not an assured and very eminent kind of being, she " would fly to the other extreme of retiredness, and " so rather obscure herself than not be herself; it be- " ing natural to her, as her life, to maintain it in " magnificence. She hath been told by her physi- " cians, that she is inclined to melancholy; and this " opinion of theirs proved to be the best remedy for " it, by the mirth which she expressed at it. This I " say to shew her to be of a cheerful nature in her " own opinion, who best can judge of it, as she, the " most comely of all creatures, can express it. She " hath, as all noble hearts have, ambition, which, I " conceive, she rather conserves as a humour necessary " to the mind, (as those of the body also are) than " for any particular end or wish, she being so free " from the want of any thing, as that it must be a " study (and in that a pain) for her to inquire what " to desire."

All that remains to be added concerning this cele- brated lady is, that she had no children by the Earl of Carlisle, whom she survived, without engaging in a second marriage, to the year 1660; and was then in-

terred, near her unfortunate father, at Petworth in Suffex.

To my Lord of Northumberland, on the death of his Lady, p. 8.

I CANNOT with any certainty inform myfelf in what year the lady died who occafioned the writing this poem, and will defer my conjecture till I come to fix the date of that which immediately fucceeds. She was the Lady Anne Cecil, daughter of that Earl of Salifbury to whom chiefly the old Earl of Northumberland imputed the lofs of his liberty; and when he was told, in the Tower, what choice his fon, the Lord Percy, had made, he expreffed his abhorrence of the marriage with this paffionate exclamation, "My blood "will not mingle with Cecil's in a bafon." I can add nothing, and nothing needs to be added, to that amiable character which Mr. Waller has left of this lady; and therefore I will proceed to tranfcribe the Earl of Clarendon's account of her lord, which is far from being equally advantageous to his memory.

"Of thofe who were of the King's council, and who "ftaid and acted with the parliament, the Earl of Nor-"thumberland may well be reckoned the chief, in re-"fpect of the antiquity and fplendour of his family, his "great fortune and eftate, and the general reputa-"tion he had among the greateft men, and his great

" intereſt by being High Admiral of England. Tho'
" he was of a family that had lain under frequent
" blemiſhes of want of fidelity to the crown, and his
" father had been long a priſoner in the Tower, un-
" der ſome ſuſpicion of having ſome knowledge of the
" gun-powder treaſon; and after he was ſet at liber-
" ty by the mediation and credit of the Earl of Car-
" liſle, (who had, without and againſt his conſent
" married his daughter) he continued to his death
" under ſuch a reſtraint, that he had not liberty to
" live and reſide upon his northern eſtate. Yet this
" lord's father was no ſooner dead than the King
" poured out his favours upon him in a wonderful
" meaſure. He begun with conferring the Order of
" the Garter upon him, and ſhortly after made him
" of his privy council. When a great fleet of ſhips
" was prepared, by which the King meant that his
" neighbour princes ſhould diſcern that he intended
" to maintain and preſerve his ſovereignty at ſea, he
" ſent the Earl of Northumberland admiral of that
" fleet, (a much greater than the crown had put to
" ſea ſince the death of Queen Elizabeth) that he
" might breed him for that ſervice before he gave
" him a more abſolute command: and after he had
" in that capacity exerciſed himſelf a year or two,
" the King made him Lord High Admiral of Eng-
" land; which was ſuch a quick ſucceſſion of boun-
" ties and favours as had rarely befallen any man

" who had not been attended with the envy of a fa-
" vourite. He was in all his deportment a very great
" man, and that which looked like formality was a
" punctuality in preferving his dignity from the in-
" vafion and intrufion of bold men, which no man
" of that age fo well preferved himfelf from. Tho'
" his notions were not large or deep, yet his temper
" and refervednefs in difcourfe got him the repu-
" tation of an able and a wife man; which he made
" evident in the excellent government of his family,
" where no man was more abfolutely obeyed, and
" no man had ever fewer idle words to anfwer for;
" and in debates of importance he always expreffed
" himfelf very pertinently. If he had thought the
" King as much above him, as he thought himfelf
" above other confiderable men, he would have been
" a good fubject; but the extreme undervaluing
" thofe, and not enough valuing the King, made him
" liable to the impreffions which they who approach-
" ed him by thofe addreffes of reverence and efteem,
" that ufually infinuate into fuch natures, made
" in him: fo that after he was firft prevailed upon
" not to do that which in honour and gratitude he
" was obliged to, (which is a very peftilent corrup-
" tion!) he was with the more facility led to concur
" in what, in duty and fidelity, he ought not to have
" done, and what at firft he never intended to have
" done; and fo he concurred in all the councils which

"produced the rebellion, and ſtaid with them to "ſupport it. *** He died in the year 1668, *anno ætat.* "66, and was buried, near his ſiſter, the Counteſs of "Carliſle, at Petworth, having been the tenth Earl "of his family, and the ſixth who had been honour-"ed with the Garter."

To my Lord Admiral, of his late ſickneſs and recovery, p. 10.

THE time and occaſion of writing this poem appears to have been when the Earl of Northumberland was appointed General of the Engliſh army againſt the Scots, and excuſed himſelf from action by pretending want of health, though his conduct ſoon afterwards evidenced it was want of inclination to exert that vigour which the King's affairs required, and which, of all men living, he was the moſt bound by gratitude to have exerted: and therefore we may ſuppoſe that Mr. Waller made him the compliment of theſe verſes, (a very ſeaſonable one to cover his diſaffection) in the latter-end of the year 1640, *anno ætat.* 35. And the death of the Earl's lady being mentioned as if it were ſtill green in his memory, the preceding poem was probably written the year before, or perhaps a little earlier.

To Van Dyck, p. 13.

SIR Anthony Van Dyck was born at Antwerp, in the year 1599, and gave ſuch early proofs of his moſt ex-

cellent endowments that Reubens his maſter, fearing he would become as univerſal as himſelf, to divert him from hiſtories, uſed to commend his talent in painting after the life, and took ſuch care to keep him continually employed in buſineſs of that nature, that he reſolved, at laſt, to make it his principal ſtudy. For his improvement he went to Venice, where he attained the beautiful colouring of Titian, Paulo Veroneſe, *&c.*; and after a few years ſpent in Rome, Genoa, and Sicily, returned home to Flanders, with a manner of painting ſo noble, natural, and eaſy, that Titian himſelf was hardly his ſuperior, and no other maſter in the world equal to him for portraits. He came over into England ſoon after Reubens had left it, and was entertained in the ſervice of K. Charles I. who conceived a marvellous eſteem for his works, honoured him with knighthood, preſented him with his own picture ſet round with diamonds, aſſigned him a conſiderable penſion, ſat very often to him for his portrait, and was followed by moſt of the nobility and principal gentry of the kingdom: but towards the latter-end of his life he grew weary of the continued trouble that attended face-painting; and being ambitious to immortalize his name by ſome more glorious undertaking, he went to Paris, in hopes of being employed in the grand gallery of the Louvre; but not ſucceeding in that deſign, he returned to England, and made a propoſal to the King, by his friend

Sir Kenelm Digby, to form Cartoons for the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, the ſubject of which was to have been the Inſtitution of the Order of the Garter, the Proceſſion of the Knights in their habits, with the ceremony of their Inſtalment, and St. George's feaſt: but his demand of 80,000 *l.* being thought unreaſonable, whilſt the King was upon treating with him for a leſs ſum, the gout and other diſtempers put an end to that affair, and his life, 1641, in the forty-ſecond year of his age, and his body was interred in St. Paul's. He was low of ſtature, but well-proportioned, very handſome, modeſt, and extremely obliging; a great encourager of all who excelled in any art or ſcience, and generous to the very laſt degree. He married the daughter of the Lord Ruthven, Earl of Gowry, one of the greateſt beauties of the Engliſh court, and lived in ſtate and grandeur anſwerable to her birth. His own garb was generally very rich, his coaches and equipage magnificent, his retinue numerous, his table very ſplendid, and ſo much frequented by people of the beſt quality of both ſexes, that his apartments ſeemed rather to be the court of a prince than the lodgings of a painter. *See Mr. Graham's Lives of the Painters.*

To my Lord of Leiceſter, p. 15.

"The Earl of Leiceſter was a man of great parts, very
" converſant in books, and much addicted to the ma-

"thematics; and though he had been a ſoldier, and "commanded a regiment in the ſervice of the States "of the United Provinces, and was afterwards em-"ployed in ſeveral embaſſies, as in Denmark and in "France, was in truth rather a ſpeculative than a "practical man, and expected a greater certitude in "the conſultation of buſineſs, than the buſineſs of this "world is capable of; which temper proved very in-"convenient to him through the courſe of his life. "He was, after the death of the Earl of Strafford, "by the concurrent kindneſs and eſteem both of "King and Queen, called from his embaſſy in France "to be Lieutenant of the kingdom of Ireland, and in "a very ſhort time after unhappily loſt that kind-"neſs and eſteem: and being, about the time of the "King's coming to Oxford, ready to embark at Cheſter "for the execution of his charge, he was required to "attend his Majeſty for farther inſtructions at Ox-"ford, where he remained: and though he was of "the council, and ſometimes preſent, he deſired not "to have any part in the buſineſs, and lay under "many reproaches and jealouſies which he deſerved "not; for he was a man of honour and fidelity to "the King; and his greateſt misfortunes proceeded "from the ſtaggering and irreſolution in his nature."

Earl of Clarendon's Hiſtory, Book VI.

To my young Lady Lucy Sidney, p. 18.

THE title of this poem is reprinted here as I find it in the firſt edition of Mr. Waller. The lady to whom it is addreſſed was the Lady Dorothy's younger ſiſter: ſhe was born in the year 1625, and married to Sir John Pelham, grandfather to his Grace the preſent Duke of Newcaſtle.

To Amoret, p. 19.

I REMEMBER to have heard his Grace the late Duke of Buckinghamſhire ſay, that the perſon whom Mr. Waller celebrated under the title of Amoret was the Lady Sophia Murray.

To my Lord of Falkland, p. 23.

IN the beginning of the year 1639, (when Mr. Waller was in the thirty-fourth year of his age) King Charles was obliged to raiſe an army to oppoſe the Scots in their intended invaſion of England, and appointed the Earl of Holland, brother to the forementioned Earl of Warwick, to be General of the Horſe, which proved of fatal conſequence to his Majeſty's ſervice; for he no ſooner brought the troops within view of the rebels, but he made a moſt ſhameful retreat, and left his courage, conduct, and fidelity, to be queſtioned by all men, as their paſſions or intereſts inclined them to cenſure. "He was a very well-bred

"man, and a fine gentleman in good times, but too "much desired to enjoy ease and plenty when the "King could have neither, and did think poverty the "most insupportable evil that could befal any man "in this world." And by that base maxim he was probably swayed, after he had received many unmerited favours, to abandon his royal benefactor when he most wanted his service. But his ingratitude was severely revenged upon him by the very party to which he revolted; and too late endeavouring to redeem the reputation of loyalty, he fell, unpitied, a sacrifice to the same faction for which, not many years before, he had too wantonly prostituted his honour. In that inglorious northern expedition, which occasioned the writing this poem, he was accompanied by that great ornament of human nature Lucius Carey, Lord Viscount Falkland, who about four years afterwards was slain at the battle of Newbury; "a person of such "prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that "inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, "of so flowing and obliging a humanity and good-"ness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity "and integrity of life, that if there were no other "brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than "that single loss, it must be most infamous and exe-"crable to all posterity." *Earl of Clarendon's History*, *Book* VII.

To Chloris, p. 29.

CHLORIS! *ſince firſt our calm of peace*, &c.] I never had the leaſt ſuſpicion that this little poem was not genuine, before I found this memorandum annexed to the title of it in the table of an old edition, "which "Mr. Waller ſays is ſuppoſititious, in an edition given "my father, (out of which I tranſcribed the additions "into this) faultily printed, but corrected by the Au-"thor under his own hand." After all, the verſes are written ſo exactly in Mr. Waller's manner, and I not being able to inform the reader to whom this book formerly belonged, I ſuppoſe he will think himſelf at liberty to believe, that our Author wrote them when he was young, and afterwards was too delicate to own them under the title which they bear in the firſt impreſſion,—*To Chloris, upon a favour received.*

To Mr. William Lawes, &c. p. 31.

HE was maſter of the public and private muſic to K. Charles I. by whom he was diſtinguiſhed with marks of particular eſteem, and uſually called The Father of Muſic. In the Great Rebellion he preſerved his duty and gratitude inviolate, and was ſlain in the quarrel of his royal maſter at the ſiege of Cheſter, in the year 1645. All the beſt poets of that age were ambitious

of having their verſes compoſed by this incomparable artiſt; who, having been educated under Signor Coperario, introduced a ſofter mixture of Italian airs than before had been practiſed in our nation.

To his worthy friend Sir Thomas Higgons, upon his tranſlation of the Venetian Triumph, p. 38.

THE Venetian Triumph was a poem compoſed by Gio. Franceſco Buſenello, addreſſed to his friend Pietro Liberi, inſtructing him to paint the famous ſea-fight between the Turks and Venetians near the Dardanelles, in the year 1656; which Thevenot, who was at Conſtantinople during the action, has deſcribed in the fifty-third chapter of the firſt book of his Travels. This method of addreſs was afterwards imitated by Mr. Waller, in his poem on the Duke of York's victory over the Dutch, and continued long the prevailing mode, both in panegyric and ſatire, till one of our poets diſgraced it ſo effectually, by degrading it from the pencil to Vanderbank's loom, that it will require a writer of Mr. Waller's genius and authority to bring it again into faſhion among us. I cannot think, after all Buſenello's compliments, that Liberi ever attained to any diſtinguiſhing excellence in his art, ſince I do not remember that he is mentioned among the moſt eminent maſters of the Venetian School. Beſides this poem, Buſenello compoſed two

dramatic baubles, the ſubſtance of which are Poppæa and Statira, which were acted by the *Virtuoſi Cantanti* at Venice; to the latter of which there is prefixed a proteſt, which, becauſe it is ſhort, and gives us an idea of the writer, I will here tranſlate: "The author proteſts that every word and phraſe relating "to the Diety, *viz.* gods, idols, idolatry, ſtars, heaven, deſtiny, chance, and ſuch others, are purely "the flights of his pen, to adorn his poeſy, and give "ſtrength to his diction: in other reſpects the ſame "author, who writes like a poet, adheres religiouſly "to the faith and practice of a Chriſtian."

To a friend, of the different ſucceſs of their loves, p. 39.

The title of this poem in the firſt edition is, "To "A. H. on the different ſucceſs of their Loves;" which initial letters were probably intended for Alexander Hambden, a relation of our Author, who engaged with him in that confederacy which is commonly called Mr. Waller's Plot; and though, perhaps, his name preſerved him from being proſecuted with the ſame ſeverity as others, yet the parliament ſuffered him to die in priſon, though no judgment had been given againſt him, for; "the tender mercies of the wicked "are cruel."

To Zelinda, p. 40.

The Author feems to have compofed thefe verfes purely for an exercife of his fancy, upon reading the fixth book of Des Maretz's Ariane; where Palamede addreffing his courtfhip to Zelinde, who was defcended from the Parthian kings, fhe anfwered, "I am a prin-"cefs, and being fuch, I will liften to propofals of "this kind from none but a prince." Upon this the gallant takes fire, and the dialogue grows fo warm, that, as himfelf obferves, it looked as if he came to affront the princefs, rather than to infinuate himfelf into her affections. Mr. Waller being probably of opinion that Monfieur Palamede's arguments were too *brufque* to be advanced in a difpute with a lady, who numbered not fewer than twenty kings of her progenitors, wrote this poem in a more tender and courtly ftyle, which I leave to be compared with Des Maretz's profe, by thofe who are inclined to decide the prize of gallantry between them.

To my Lady Morton, &c. p. 42.

Anne Countefs of Morton was daughter to Sir Edward Villiers, (the great Duke of Buckingham's brother) and wife of Robert Douglas Lord Dalkeith, who, on the death of his father, fucceeded to the Earldom of Morton. She was one of the moft admired

beauties of that age, and the graces of her mind were not inferior to thoſe of her perſon; for which reaſon ſhe was diſtinguiſhed by the concurrent choice of King Charles I. and his Queen, to be governeſs to the Princeſs Henrietta, whom ſhe conveyed, in diſguiſe, from Oatlands into France, in the year 1646. At that time Mr. Waller was there in exile, and to his private calamities had a large addition of ſorrow, in ſeeing that coaſt covered with the wrecks of a royal family which, but a few years before! he had beheld in ſo flouriſhing a ſecurity, that one might have reaſonably believed the greateſt violence of Fortune would have beat on it in vain. And very diſproportionate to their affliction and former grandeur was their reception at the court of France, through the artifice of that poor-ſpirited politician Mazarine; who, though he was a member of the Sacred College, ſeems to have reverenced Cromwell more than his Maker. But, having firſt obſerved that Mr. Waller preſented theſe verſes to the Lady Morton, *anno Dom.* 1650, *ætat.* 45, I will diſmiſs this unpleaſing ſubject with Cardinal de Retz his account of a viſit which he paid at the Louvre, as it is told by his tranſlator. * * * "I went to viſit "the Queen of England, whom I found in her daugh-"ter's chamber, who hath been ſince Ducheſs of Or-"leans. At my coming in, ſhe ſaid, "You ſee I am "come to keep Henrietta company; the poor child "could not riſe to-day for want of a fire." The truth

" is, that the Cardinal, (Mazarine) for six months
" together, had not ordered her any money towards
" her pension; that no trades-people would trust
" her for any thing, and that there was not at her
" lodgings in the Louvre one single billet. * * * I re-
" membered the condition I had found her in, and
" had strongly represented the shame of abandoning
" her in that manner, which caused the parliament
" (of Paris) to send 40,000 livres to her Majesty."
Posterity will hardly believe that a princess of England, grand-daughter to Henry the Great, hath wanted a faggot, in the month of January, to get out of bed in the Louvre, and in the eyes of a French court!

A panegyric to my Lord Protector, &c. p. 45.

UPON the detection of Mr. Waller's design to promote the King's service in the City, (of which the Earl of Clarendon has given a large account in the seventh book of his History of the Rebellion) Whitelocke informs us, that " he obtained a reprieve from
" General Essex; and after a year's imprisonment
" he paid a fine of 10,000 *l.* was pardoned, and tra-
" velled into France;" where, having continued for about ten years, upon his friends' application to Cromwell, who had then solely engrossed the inslaving of the nation, he was permitted to return; and about the year 1654, *anno ætat.* 49, he expressed his gratitude to the Usurper in this admirable panegyric.

To the King, upon his Majesty's happy return, p. 53.—THE date of this poem coincides with the fifty-fifth year of Mr. Waller's age, from which time his genius began to decline apace from its meridian: yet, whatever traces of old age may appear in his latter compositions, (as Longinus says of Homer) we must still confess it to be the old age of Mr. Waller.

" " " Cognoscite, Teucri!
Quae fuerint Illi juvenili in corpore vires.

We are told in the *Menagiana*, that when he presented this poem to the King, his Majesty said, he thought it much inferior to his panegyric on Cromwell. "Sir," replied Mr. Waller, "we poets never "succeed so well in writing truth as in fiction."

To the Queen, upon her Majesty's birth-day, &c. p. 57.

QUEEN Catharine, Infanta of Portugal, was born on the 14th of November, *N. S.* 1638, but her birthday was observed in England on the 25th of that month, agreeable to the old method of computation; on which day Mr. Waller presented this poem to her Majesty, soon after her recovery from a dangerous fever, *anno Dom.* 1663, *ætat. suæ* 58.

This poem concludes that edition which was printed in the year 1664, at which time Mr. Waller ex-

preſſed his reſolution to hang up his harp, by ſubſcribing theſe two verſes from Horace. *lib.* i. *ep.* I.

> Nunc itaque et verſus, et caetera ludicra pono;
> Quid verum, atque decens curo, et rogo, et omnis in hoc ſum.

But ſince he ſoon relapſed into poetry, I thought it would not be very material to preſerve them any longer in their uſual ſtation. It appears, from the date in the title of this poem, that Mr. Waller wrote and preſented it to the Queen, *anno ætat.* 78.

To the Dutcheſs of Orleans, &c. p. 59.

THE Princeſs Henrietta Maria, youngeſt daughter of K. Charles I. was born at Exeter on the 16th of June 1644. When ſhe was about two years old ſhe was privately conveyed into France, as hath already been obſerved in the Remarks on the poem to the Counteſs of Morton; where, ſoon after the reſtoration, ſhe was married to the French king's only brother, Philip Duke of Anjou, who ſucceeded to the title of Orleans on the death of his uncle. But, alas!

> Eumenides tenuere faces de funere raptas,
> Eumenides ſtravere torum. * * *

She is ſaid to have been extremely beautiful; and even Burnet confeſſeth that ſhe was thought the witticſt woman in France, though ſoon afterwards, repenting of his ingenuity, he takes ſome pains to poiſon her reputation. Being prevailed upon by the

French king to endeavour to engage her brother, King Charles II. in a league with him to humble the Dutch, ſhe arrived at Dover about the middle of May 1670, where ſhe ſtaid ſomething more than a fortnight, and was entertained by all her royal relations, attended with the flower of the Engliſh court, with all poſſible demonſtrations of joy, during which time a ſcheme againſt Holland was concerted. Her huſband, while ſhe was abſent, either wrought upon by the weakneſs and malice of his own nature, or the wicked inſinuations of others, contracted an ill opinion of her conjugal virtue, ſo that nothing but her blood could extinguiſh his jealouſy; and accordingly, ſoon after her return to St. Cloud, ſhe was diſpatched by a doſe of ſublimate given her in a glaſs of ſuccory-water, when ſhe had juſt completed the twenty-ſixth year of her age. During her torments, which for about ten hours were violent, ſhe expreſſed great reſignation, and told the Duke of Orleans, that "ſhe was the willinger to "die, becauſe her conſcience upbraided her with no-"thing ill in her conduct towards him." After ſuch a declaration of her innocence, made in the very article of death, it ill became a Chriſtian biſhop to impeach her fidelity. Mr. Waller writ this poem, *anno ætat.* 65.

SONG.

Stay, Phœbus! ſtay, p. 67.

The famous Philip de Mornay was a favourite and privy counſellor to Henry IV. of France, till that monarch revolted to the Romiſh communion, from whom, I ſuppoſe, the lady to whom this ſong is addreſſed was deſcended; and ſhe probably was one of Queen Henrietta's attendants, who, upon the miſbehaviour of Madame St. George and the Biſhop of Mende, were obliged to quit both the Engliſh court and kingdom, in the year 1627; but this I offer purely as a conjecture of my own, and refer it to the reader's diſcretion to receive or reject it. The latter ſtanza of theſe verſes (which are certainly of Mr. Waller's earlieſt production) alludes to the Copernican ſyſtem, in which the earth is ſuppoſed to be a planet, and to move on its own axis round the ſun, the centre of the univerſe. Dr. Donne and Mr. Cowley induſtriouſly affected to entertain the fair ſex with ſuch philoſophical alluſions, which, in his riper age, Mr. Waller as induſtriouſly avoided.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND FRAGMENTS.

Epigram upon the golden medal, p. 81.

The title of this epigram is ſo conciſe, that it renders the concluſion of it almoſt as obſcure as any paſ-

ſage in Perſius or Lycophron. I am very diffident in advancing a conjecture ſo much in the dark; yet for once I will venture, in hope that, ſince it is offered with caution, it will be rejected with candour if it is not approved. Roti, the celebrated graver to K. Charles II. was ſo paſſionate an admirer of the beautiful Mrs. Stuart, (afterwards Ducheſs of Richmond) that on the reverſe of the beſt of our coin he delineated the face of Britannia from her picture; and in ſo[illegible]e medals, where he had more room to diſplay both his art and affection, the ſimilitude of features is ſaid to have been ſo exact, that every one who knew her Grace, at the firſt view could diſcover who ſat for Britannia. This epigram, therefore, compliments the Ducheſs upon her virtue being impregnable, and ſuperior to temptation; in which ſenſe, whatever effect it may have upon our faith, it is reconciled to our underſtanding. And, if I may be indulged in carrying my conjecture a little farther, I fancy theſe verſes were compoſed ſoon after Roti had ſtamped that medal, the date of which is coincident with the ſixtieth year of Mr. Waller's age.

Epitaph on Colonel Charles Cavendiſh, p. 86.

This gallant gentleman was a younger ſon of William Earl of Devonſhire, and brother to that beautiful and every-way-excellent Lady Rich, who hath already been mentioned. His genius led him equally to

excel in letters and in arms; but the courſe of his ſtudies (in which the mathematics engaged his principal attention) being interrupted by the rebellion, he was among the firſt who drew their ſwords in the crown's defence; and after many ſignal ſervices performed for the King in the North, he was ſlain at Gainſborough, 1643, in the twenty-third year of his age. Cromwell, who commanded that party of rebels by which he was defeated, in a letter to the Committee of Aſſociation then ſitting at Cambridge, ſays, "My captain-"lieutenant ſlew him with a thruſt under the ſhort "ribs:" which may very well conſiſt with another account, which informs us that he was murthered in cold blood, after quarter had been offered, and he had accepted it. His body was then depoſited at Newark, but removed, and buried with his mother's at Derby, in the year 1674.

Early abroad he did the world ſurvey, &c.] The Memoirs of the family of Cavendiſh inform us, that after this gentleman had made the tour of France and Italy, he embarked at Venice for Conſtantinople; and, after a long circuit by land through Natolia, failed to Alexandria, thence to Cairo, viſited Malta in his courſe to Spain; and from Spain returning to Paris, he arrived in England about the end of May, in the year 1641.

Epitaph on the Lady Sedley, p. 88.

SHE was Elizabeth, only daughter of the learned Sir Henry Savil, Provoſt of Eton College, and wife to Sir John Sedley, a Kentiſh Baronet, by whom ſhe was mother of that Sir Charles who ſo fairly diſtinguiſhed himſelf among the politeſt wits in the court of K. Charles II.

Epitaph to be written under the Latin inſcription, &c. p. 89.

CHARLES HOWARD, Lord Viſcount Andover, was eldeſt ſon to Thomas Earl of Berkſhire, whoſe child, for whom this epitaph was intended, lies interred in New-Elm church, in the county of Oxford, from whence I have received the Latin inſcription referred to in the title, which is ſuch a wretched compoſition, and the chiſel has mangled it ſo much in the pointing and ſpelling, that I can make no other uſe of it but only to diſcover, by this noble youth's having died in the year 1641, that Mr. Waller ſeems to have written theſe verſes before he was baniſhed, and probably in the thirty-ſeventh year of his age.

OF DIVINE LOVE.

THE Divine Poems were the laſt of Mr. Waller's productions, moſt of them having been written when he was about eighty years old; in which, though there is not the ſame elevation and fire as in his earlier compoſitions,

His ſetting ſun ſtill ſhoots a glimm'ring ray,
Like ancient Rome, majeſtic in decay. Mr. Dryden.

And thus I have endeavoured to diſcharge the debt of gratitude which I owed to Mr. Waller's memory for the pleaſure I have received in reading his Poems, by attempting to reſtore the text to its original purity, and adding ſuch illuſtrations as ſome of them very much wanted. They are extended, I confeſs, to a much greater length than I deſigned; yet I am very ſenſible that many defects are remaining, which I ſhall be glad to ſee ſupplied, as I wiſh the whole had been undertaken by ſome abler hand, having a far ſtronger inclination to pleaſe and improve myſelf with the writings of others, than to trouble the world with my own. In the great variety of perſons and things of which theſe Obſervations conſiſt, ſome, but I hope no very material, errors may have eſcaped me; as I find, upon a haſty review, in the article relating to Mr. Lawes, (p. 31.) that not he, but his elder brother William *, was favourite muſician to K. Charles I. and ſlain by the rebels at Cheſter: for next to the uncommon felicity of committing no miſtakes, it is ſurely the moſt generous pleaſure to confeſs and correct them.

* This gentleman's name is ſo printed in the title to the poem.

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